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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO—

Bright are thine eyes, love,  
Bright is their beam,  
Time quickly flies, love,  
If they on me gleam;  
Happy am I, love,  
When Love's light rests on me,  
If sitting near by, love,  
Thou'rt gazing upon me.

Sweet is thy smile, love,  
Winning and dear,  
Would all the while, love,  
I could linger near!  
Life's darkest hours, love,  
Thy looks beguiling,  
Vanish like she-were, love,  
When thou art smiling!

Fair is thy form, love,  
Fair as the truth,  
In thee, bright and warm, love,  
Gleams beauty's youth!  
In vain envy tries, love,  
Of beauty to free thee,  
Happy am I, love,  
When I can see thee!

Soft is thy voice, love,  
Musical, clear,  
How I rejoice, love,  
When I hear;  
Those moments are blest, love,  
When I am near thee,  
When in sweet rest, love,  
I can but hear thee!

On thy fair cheek, love,  
Blooms beauty's flower,  
When thou dost speak, love,  
Love rules with power;  
Would that to cheer, love,  
Sweet as the vesper,  
I could but hear, love,  
From thee, love's soft whisper!

#### SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

Each family of negroes has a house or cabin of its own, generally with sufficient garden ground, piggery, henery, and so forth. These cabins are often made of logs, as in our cut, but sometimes are neat and cozy frame buildings. They are usually placed at suitable intervals, in rows, or double rows with a wide street between. When it pleases the occupant to keep their houses so, they are pleasant enough, surrounded with neat palings and well protected by the beautiful shade trees of the country. Here, as in old Albion, their house is their castle, and rarely does even the master know any thing of their domestic affairs except when bad conduct or sickness makes it necessary for them to be looked after. They are constitutionally joyous and insouciant; and it is often pleasant to witness their glad, thoughtless recreations as the twilight of the evening hours set in.

They are supplied even under the requirements of the law, with a reasonable amount of clothing, and ample rations of food are served out every week. These consist chiefly of meal, rice, vegetables, molasses, bacon, fish and coffee, according to their wants and occupations. Most of them have a surplus of these staple articles of diet, which they exchange at the nearest store for nick-nacs more to their liking.

Sunday is the great gala day of the negroes, always excepting the annual festival at Christmas. At this time they interchange visits with relatives and friends on neighboring plantations, generally bearing with them some present or other; most often of an edible character, as a turkey, a chicken, a goose, a cake or a confection. Whether at home or abroad, however, on Sunday, they are pretty sure to repair to the church when an accessible one is open.

The following, from a recent letter writer, gives a glimpse at social life:

"Not long ago, I attended a funeral of an aged female slave. About the grave were gathered some two score of negroes; and as the coffin descended into the tomb, the moistened eye of every one bespoke the touched heart; and an old man, with half choked utterance, said: 'Cry not, my friends, our sister has gone from us, but we must

meet her de oder side of de grave. De great Master has sent for her, and she is now at home. God grant we be dere too!' The chips made in constructing the coffin were burned in a fire made for the purpose in the open air, as they believe that death will soon enter the family on whose hearth-stone they are burned. Several weeks after the burial the sermon is preached. Crowds of slaves attend, and all are treated abundantly to refreshments of every kind.

"An old servant, who often speaks of the surrender at Yorktown, and of the scenes that were witnessed at the time by him—and who told me that he 'learned to read' when he went with his 'young master to college'—now that he is exempt from labor, spends his time in reading his bible, and in 'fighting his battles over again.' I often see him of a Sunday evening, surrounded by an audience of his own race, reading and explaining the Scriptures to them; and they, in the meantime, manifest their appreciation of the sacred word, by looks of the most active interest, and expressions of joy and comfort."

#### Eloquence of the Late Wm. T. Haskell.

A correspondent of the Columbus (Miss.) Democrat, furnishes the following interesting communication concerning two of the most gifted orators that ever lived in the South:

It is but justice to the memory of Col. Haskell to say that the warmest impulses of his noble nature were always directed to the South and to Southern interests; not that he loved the *Northern Caesar less*, but that he loved the *Southern Rome more*! It was the long-cherished and often-expressed wish of his heart to canvass several other of the States adjoining his own.

He desired to meet the people of the South face to face, that he might exchange those friendly greetings, that can only be felt and appreciated in personal interviews. Ah! well do I know, chivalric brotherhood of Mississippi, the reception which his burning eloquence would have secured for him in your generous and impulsive natures. I have seen vast multitudes coming forth to meet him when traveling through Tennessee. It seemed like the spontaneous ovations given to the grand march of a conquering hero, returning fresh from the crimson fields of his country's glory.

You, Mississippians, who have heard the lamented Prentiss, when, like an inspired improvisatore he was pouring forth his grand extempore—epic poems, (for such was his wonderful style,)—you that have seen and heard him, when his face was absolutely transfigured and radiant with intellectual light, when by the irresistible power of his daring flights you seemed as if you were being lifted bodily from your seats and borne with him on the swift wings of his eagle imagination to the very sun! To such of you, I repeat, as have feasted upon the intellectual banquets spread out before you by the prodigious genius of Seargent S. Prentiss, a just and adequate conception has been given of his great contemporary and rival, Wm. T. Haskell.

It required no previous training of the mind, no plodding research after hidden resources for these great natural orators to speak; they only wished for an elevated, a noble subject to call them forth, and then their thoughts, prompt and vivid as the live lightning, at once glorious, concentrated and embodied, sprang, without any pretense or flourish of trumpets, like Minerva, the Goddess of War, full armed from the teeming brain of Jove!

I have seen Haskell, when fully aroused to some great effort, approaching nearer to the matchless oratory of Mr. Prentiss than any other speaker I ever had the pleasure of listening to. Yes, I imagine that I see Haskell now in the midst of a thousand upturned faces, when all were pressing eagerly upon him, closer and closer, as if determined not to lose the faintest word that might fall from his fervid lips; such was the breathless interest manifested when on a certain occasion he was describing the night portion of the bombardment of Vera Cruz. It required no effort of my imagination at all to hear the distant boom of cannon, the crash of shattering and falling timbers, the cries of alarm, the shrieks of women and children in the far off beleagured city—the blazing and flashing of bomb-shells as they streamed through the midnight air, passing and repassing each other in such rapid succession that they formed a *literal network of fire*, over the doomed castle of San Juan de Ulloa—exploding sometimes in mid-air, falling in a thousand brilliant coruscations, making the sublime and awful scene for miles away

both seaward and landward look like a poet's idea of the final doom, or rather as if some dread, infernal prototype of the grim old monster Vesuvius had burst without a moment's warning up from his central fires to destroy the contending armies in a cataract of molten lava!

Oh, how my heart glowed in earnest sympathy with the great orator, when assuming as he did, the delightful task of reflecting back the grateful feeling of the whole country upon Winfield Scott, the master spirit of military prowess, on that memorable occasion, from the fact that the heretofore impregnable old fortress of San Juan, that for years had frowned a grim and bristling cannon defiance to all former foes, was now made to shake and tremble from turret to foundation stone, and finally to surrender amid that furious iron blast of genuine American thunder!

The history of that magnificent bombardment is still fresh in our memories, but the description of the stupendous scene as given by Col. Haskell, in one of his great harangues to the people of Tennessee, impressed upon the minds of all who heard it, an idea of his descriptive powers in eloquence, that will never be forgotten.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

#### Letters as Indices of Character.

BY WANDERER.

I have often beguiled many a weary hour by reperusing the letters I had received from various sources in years gone by. To a great extent a letter is the index of character, at least so I have found it to be. But one must understand how to read character as well as how to read a letter, else we are liable to misconstrue honorable sentences and paragraphs into those of ignorance and folly. Because a letter is written in a bold, defiant hand, it does not follow that the writer thereof is a bold, defiant person. On the contrary, the author may be of the kindest disposition and the most retiring in manner. It is the union of words, the joining of sentences and the general tone of the missive that gives the careful student of human nature an insight into the character of his correspondent, though both parties may be total strangers to each other.

Among the letters in my possession, I extract the following paragraph from

one of them, it being a fair sample of the entire letter:

"Sir, I shall attend to your business without further instructions from you. I will forward my draft to you, on Mr. Brown, at my earliest convenience.—Your suggestion in regard to the improvement of the bog-meadow was acted upon."

A glance, or a simple perusal of the above, especially when the wheels of business are slow in their movements and continually sticking fast in financial ruts, would convey the impression that the writer was self-wise, and wished it understood that he knew how to manage affairs just as well and perhaps a little better than his employer; and further, that he was not to be hurried, but at his own "convenience" would send his draft. The brevity of expression in the last sentence of the extract would seem to say, "I don't thank you for your 'suggestion' in regard to 'bog-meadow,' and had I not coincided I should not have acted upon it." Such an interpretation of the extract would wrong the writer of it. He was a man of warmest feeling, modest to a fault, retiring in disposition, unassuming in his manner and even willing at great sacrifices to oblige a friend. With these qualities he united those of brevity, honesty, strict attention to business, and kindness. A second reading of the extract will, undoubtedly, convince one first conveyed by a hurried perusal of it.

As a true friend and a worthy man the writer of the letter spoken of occupied a high position. The seeming sternness of the letter denoted integrity of purpose, and its seeming indifference and brevity marked the desire to do well and not to intrude a lengthy letter upon a business man where a few sentences, well expressed, would do as well. Such was the character of the man, and his letters are the bright indices thereof.

This simple sketch may serve to lead some of the readers of the 'Times' to reflect, after reading their correspondence, before they judge of the intentions of the writer. In all cases it is best to do so; nothing can be lost, while much may be gained, by pursuing such a course. The study of human nature aided by the sure light of man's thoughts as he transfers them to paper, will prove a pretty sure criterion by which to judge of character.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "Mr. W. Howitt and his family have of late become confirmed spiritualists, and I suppose, ghostseers. Apropos of ghosts, it may interest those of your readers who are greedy of the supernatural to know that the very startling story in a recent number of Blackwood, called 'The Haunted and the Haunters, or the House and the Brain,' was from no less a pen than Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's. He, too, is a confirmed spiritualist—a believer in spirits, media, disembodied hands, and the rest of the Cagliostro-like paraphernalia of Mr. Hume, of spiritual notoriety. Sir Edward's London ghost story, in Blackwood, opened capitally; but it was marred by pitching up the terror too big. Horror was, in fact, accumulated on horror's head, till the imagination protested against so much 'perilous stuff.' The tale involved a theory to which I presume we may infer Sir E. B. Lytton lends a certain amount of faith—of the power of minds at a distance to manifest their will, in a mysterious and awful manner, on the minds of others present on the scene of momentous actions in which the haunter has borne a part. To those of your readers who have not read the story in question, let me recommend it as a surer night than Fenel's supper of raw pork chops."



**Speech of Mr. Vorhees.**

One of the prisoners tried at Charlottesville, Va., John E. Cook, was defended by Hon. Daniel W. Vorhees, Attorney General of Indiana who came for that purpose, at the instance of Governor Willard, a brother-in-law of the prisoner. Cook having confessed his guilt, the defense was simply a plea for mercy; but the jury convicted him.

The speech of Mr. Vorhees was published in the Richmond Dispatch; and we have never seen anything equal to it in the annals of the Bar, in persuasiveness, force and eloquence.

The following extract contains a scathing and merited denunciation of certain northern traitors; and we are sure the reader will pardon the space it occupies, for the sake of the truth and warning it conveys:

"But, gentlemen, in estimating the magnitude of this young man's guilt, there is one fact which is proven in his behalf by current history of the day which you can not fail to consider. Shall John E. Cook perish, and the real criminals who for twenty years have taught the principles on which he acted hear no voice from this spot? Shall no mark be placed on them? Shall this occasion pass away, and the prime felons who attacked your soil and murdered your citizens at Harper's Ferry escape? The indictment before us says that the prisoner was seduced by the false and malignant counsels of other traitorous persons. Never was a sentence written more just and true. 'False, malignant counsels, have been dropping for years, as deadly and blighting as the poison of the Bohun Upas tree, from the tongues of evil and traitorous persons in that section of the Union to which the prisoner belongs. They have seduced not only his mind, but many others, honest and misguided like him, to regard the crime at Harper's Ferry as no crime, your rights as unmitigated wrongs, and the Constitution of the country as a league with hell and a covenant with death. On the skirts of the leaders of abolition fanaticism in the North is every drop of blood shed in the conflict at Harper's Ferry; on their souls rests the crime of murder for every life there lost; and all the waters of the ocean could not wash the stains of slaughter from their treacherous and guilty hands. A noted Boston abolitionist, (Wendell Phillips,) a few days ago, at Brooklyn, New York, in the presence of thousands, speaking of this tragic occurrence, says: 'It is the natural result of anti-slavery teaching. For one, I accept it. I expected it.' I, too, accept it in the same light, and so will the country believe and acted, are the men of crime in the sight of God. And to guard other young men, so far as in my power, from the fatal snare which has been tightened around the hopes and destiny of John E. Cook, and to show who are fully responsible for his conduct, I intend to link with this trial the names of wiser and older men than he; and if he is to be punished and consigned to a wretched doom, they shall stand beside him in the public stocks; they shall be pilloried for ever in public shame as the evil and traitorous persons who seduced him to his ruin by their false and malignant counsels.

The chief of these men, the leader of a great party, a Senator of long standing, has announced to the country that there is a higher law than the Constitution, which guarantees to each man the full exercise of his own inclination. The prisoner before you has simply acted on the law of Wm. H. Seward, and not the law of his fathers. He has followed the Mahomet of an incendiary faith. Come forth, ye sages of abolitionism who now cover and skulk under hasty denials of your complicity with the bloody result of your wicked and unholy doctrines, and take your places on the witness stand. Tell the world why this thing has happened. Tell this jury why they are trying John E. Cook for his life. You advised his conduct and taught him that he was doing right. You taught him a higher law and then pointed out to him the field of action. Let facts be submitted. Mr. Seward, in speaking of slavery, says: 'It can and must be abolished, and you and I must do it.' What worse did the prisoner attempt? Again he said upon this same subject. 'Circumstances determine possibilities,' and doubtless the circumstances with which John Brown had connected his plans made them possible in his estimation; for it is in evidence before the country, unimpeached and uncontradicted, that the great Senator of New York had the whole matter submitted to him, and only whined back, in response, that he had better not be told. He has boldly announced an irrepressible conflict between the free and slave States of this Union. These seditious phrases, 'higher law' and 'irrepressible conflict,' warrant and invite the construction which the prisoner and his young deluded companions placed upon them. Yet they are either in chains, with the frightful gibbet in full view, or sleep in dishonored graves, while the apostle and master-spirit of insurrection is loaded with honors and fares sumptuously every day; such is poor, short handed justice in this world.

An old man, and for long years a member of the National Congress from Ohio, next shall testify here before you that he taught the prisoner the terrible error which now involves his life. Servile insurrections have forever been on the tongue and lips of Joshua R. Giddings. He says 'that when the contest shall come, when the thunder shall roll and the lightning flash, and when the slaves shall rise in the South in imitation of the horrid scene of the West Indies, when the Southern man shall turn pale and tremble, when your dwellings shall smoke with the torch of the incendiary, and dismay sit on each countenance, he will hail it as the approaching dawn of that political and moral millennium which he is well assured will come upon the world. The atrocity of these sentiments chills the blood of honest patriots, and no part of the prisoner's equals their bloody import. Shall the old leader escape and the young follower die? Shall the teacher whose doctrines told the prisoner that what he did was right, go unscathed of the lightning which he has unchained. If so, Justice has fled from her temples on earth, and awaits us only on high to measure out what is right between man and man. The men who have misled this boy to his ruin shall here receive my maledictions. They shrink back from him now in the hour of his calamity. They lift up their hands and say, Amen! to the bloody spectacle which their infernal orgies have summoned up. You hear them all over the land ejaculating through false, pale, coward lips. 'Thou canst not say I did it,' when their hands are reeking with all the blood that has been shed and which yet awaits the extreme penalty of the law. False, fleeing, perjured traitors; false to those who have acted upon your principles; false to friends as well as country, and perjured before the Constitution of the Republic—ministers who profess to be of God who told this boy here to carry a Sharp's rifle to Kansas instead of his mother's Bible—shall this jury, this court, and this country forget their guilt and their infamy because a victim to their precepts is yielding up his life before you? May God forget me if I here, in the presence of this pale face, forget to denounce with the withering, blighting, blasting power of majestic truth, the tall and stately criminals of the Northern States of this Union."

**Hillsborough Military Academy.**

The Examination, closing the first annual session, was held on the 14th and 15th instant. We were present several hours each day, and heard the classes in Latin, Greek, French, and English. Among such a number of students must, of course, be various; and we never witnessed a worse one than some of the more indolent. At the same time we have never seen, either at school or college, and our opportunities in this line have not been few, better specimens of thorough training and ready recitation than were here presented by the more studious members of the Academy. In these we see the efficiency of the system and of the Teachers; for it is only by competent and faithful training that such proficiency and promptness can be attained.

There was a time when we had a low estimate of this class of schools; but since we have had an opportunity of inspecting their operations and results, both in this State and elsewhere, their thorough mode of training and wholesome discipline we have come to the conclusion that there is no better system than this for our sons, where sound practical attainments, habits of order and self-control, and manly bearing are desired. We think, therefore, that the State has cause for gratulation in the establishment of such schools in Hillsborough and Charlotte, and we cannot but wish the largest success to both.—*Hillsborough Recorder.*

**Brown's Rescue.**

A Washington City reporter says according to the reported conversation with Gov. Wise recently in this city, he has no doubt of the existence of secret societies in various portions of Ohio and elsewhere, the members of which are bound by horrid oaths not only to rescue old Brown, but to take revenge on those who were instrumental in the conviction of him and his associates for their offences at Harper's Ferry.

The letters which the Governor has received upon this subject are from men in whose word he places the fullest confidence; but whose names will not be revealed by him. It was doubtless the belief of the existence of such societies numbering, as was reported to him, thousands, that led the Governor recently to call out an additional number of troops.

M. V. B. Gilbert, Esq., has sold out his interest in the Democratic Pioneer Elizabeth City, N. C., to I. B. Godwin, Esq. The paper will continue its present politics—Democratic.

Thos. J. Garner, Esq., has purchased the Weldon Patriot office and changed the name to the *Albemarle Southern*; published at Murfreesboro, N. C.

**A Negro Wedding.**

As an accompaniment to our "Negro Cabin," we have an extract from an Alabama correspondent, dated September 26th 1859.

I want to give you some little account of a plantation-life by an eye witness, at least of those particular scenes which you have oftentimes heard far more graphically described than I am able to do, but to my knowledge have never been seen, viz: a negro wedding. One of Mrs. S.—'s house servants named Rhoda, married a man, of one of the neighboring plantations, named Jasper. The affair came off on last Saturday night; the invitations were out for 9 o'clock, but long ere that time a great number of darkies had arrived. I suppose the guests must have exceeded, including the servants at home, one hundred and fifty.

The yard and grove were brilliantly lighted by fires of light-wood, which shed a rich glare over black women and still blacker men. The women, as a general thing, were dressed in white tarleton or white muslin, and looked very nice; indeed—some of them looked really elegant, as finely dressed as any lady would be at a party; their heads were ornamented with flowers, beads, ribbons, and other coquetish things to break the hearts of their dusky beaux. The men for the most part had black suits on. Some of these smelled Jewish, and others second-hand, but taking them all in all, they were the best dressed and happiest looking lot of darkies I have ever seen, and I tell you I have seen enough in my life-time.

The ceremony was performed by a colored clergyman; he had his book in his hand, but had it closed all the time—knowing the service by heart, and he "joined the gentleman and lady" in holy wedlock in fine style. There were four bridesmaids and four groomsmen, also two candle holders, according to negro fashion, to light the bride from her cabin to the place of marriage—they headed the procession.

Soon after the ceremony was over, the guests marched into supper, and before giving you an account of the terrible slaughter which then took place of everything that was good, let me tell you of the supper room, which took me a whole day to fix up; as I had seen a good many, and knew exactly what would look best, I asked Mrs. S. to let them have a new room, which she had just added to her house, instead of a tent which they had contemplated erecting. She told me certain things that I wanted to adorn it with. I made the negroes get me a large number of evergreens and flowers of all kinds, also four small trees. The room is about twenty-two feet long by eighteen wide. I placed the four trees in the four corners, and placed flowers in the branches, which had a pretty effect. Along the sides of the room, I placed immense bunches of pine and laurel, and in the centre of each I had immense bouquets. I placed evergreens all around the doors and windows, putting in flowers everywhere I could get them. I made also a very pretty ornament for the middle of the room. I took a large round work-basket and suspended it by four strings about four feet long, and covered the strings with evergreen and roses; I then filled the basket full of artificial flowers, and ornamented the outside with streamers of white and red ribbons, and then suspended the whole from the ceiling; the room itself looked elegant.

There were three tables set—two in as many corners for the meats, and one the length of the room for confectionary, &c. The bride's cake was in the centre, under the basket of flowers; the principal table was loaded down with cakes, blanc mange, jellies, candies, kisses, and, in fact, everything you would find at a large party, except ice creams, sherbert, &c., it being impossible to get ice to make them. The table was brilliantly lighted with candles fixed in fancy stands, ornamented with evergreens, laurels, flowers, &c. The side tables groined beneath the weight of innumerable chickens, also roast beef, shoats, &c.; also pickles, &c. Candles were arranged all round the walls amongst the evergreens. Altogether, the whole affair looked more like a fairy bowery than a supper-room for poor oppressed slaves. O! that Mr. Seward could have looked upon this scene, he would then, no doubt, have seen that the poor, down-trodden servants of the South managed to have something better than hoe cake to eat.

We were all worried to know what they should have to drink, water seemed so poor, and lemons could not be got, and was of course out of the question for them. The thought then struck me to make some pomgranate-ade. So I made the darkies gather a dozen or so, and squeezed the juice, and made a very delicious drink, like current shrub. I made several gallons of the mixture, and it went like "hot cakes," I tell you. The negroes all pitched into

their supper with great gusto, and all had monstrous good appetites, and did ample justice to everything. I went in the room myself, and waited on all who were too bashful to help themselves, and made myself otherwise "useful as well as ornamental." After supper some of the darkies struck up their fiddles, and then all sorts of negro dances, jigs, &c., were enacted, much to the amusement of all the white folks. I was charmed myself with all I saw. I had read so many descriptions of such occurrences, that to see one on a regular plantation was a great treat to me. The whole affair was kept up until a late hour, and a lighter and happier set of persons there never was.

I would like to have bet Mr. Greeley anything that if he had preached for one whole hour, he could not have persuaded one of them to go North with him.

**A WORD FOR THE RIGHT.**—The cloud of fanaticism which has hung over many of the New York pulpits, has been relieved by a gleam of sunshine from Rev. Dr. Renington, the Episcopal minister of Calvary Church. In alluding to the Harper's Ferry invasion Sunday night, he said:

In the present case I must say that my sympathy is entirely with the South. I lived long in the beautiful South, on the banks of the Mississippi, where I saw interchanges of friendship between masters and slaves, and learned Southern social life. There I knew many Christians, true and sincere Christian men and women, numbers of whom have since passed away to the inheritance of eternal glory, and to sing through countless ages the praises of God and the Lamb. Let the pulpit and the press, therefore beware how they misrepresent and calumniate their lives and social conditions. Let them again, I say, beware how they bring about circumstances which may deluge our free and happy land with blood, and kindle fires which may only be extinguished in the utter ruin and misery of this mighty and glorious nation. Let us live the lives of many good Southerners, and die their happy deaths. Let us discharge our duties, and no more, to the slaves and their masters, and thus prepare ourselves to form diadems of never ending brilliancy in the crown of our blessed Redeemer, whose mission was peace, and to live and reign with him in his heavenly kingdom throughout a glorious and never-ending eternity. Let these ends be our true object and aims.

**DEDICATION.**—The Wilmington Journal of Monday, Sept. 27th, contains the following notice: Bethel erected adjoining to and West of the Seamen's Home, S. W. corner Front and Dock Streets, was dedicated yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. W. B. Yates, of Charleston, who, we believe, has charge of the Seamen's Bethel in that city. The Edifice was erected by Captain Gilbert Potter, to whose christian liberality Mr. Yates gratefully referred. He also paid a feeling tribute to the zeal and piety of the late Rev. Mr. Langdon, whose efforts in behalf of the seafaring man had been so warm and so efficient.

Mr. Yates was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Grier and Rev. Mr. McQueen of the Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Pritchard of the Baptist Church.

**MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.**—The following is the bill offered by Mr. Graham, of Franklin, in the Legislature of Mississippi, with the object of excluding free negroes from that State. The bill was referred to the appropriate committee:

*Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That from and after the 1st day of July, 1860, it shall be unlawful for any free negro or mulatto to be found in this State, under any pretence whatsoever; and every free negro or mulatto so found may be indicted in any county where found, or in any adjoining county, and on conviction shall be sold into absolute slavery. The sheriff of the proper county shall sell such negro or mulatto at the door of the court house of said county for cash, after giving such notice as the court shall direct, and shall pay the net proceeds of sale into the treasury of the county where the indictment was found.*

*Be it further enacted, That if any person shall by pretending to be owner, or by any other means, endeavor to shield or protect any free negro or mulatto against the provisions of this act, such persons so offending shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding six months.*

*Be it further enacted, That free negroes or mulattoes are hereby declared incapable of inheriting, acquiring or holding any property in this State; nor shall any property be removed from the State for the benefit of any such person.*

**DEATH OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.**—The Rev. J. R. Downey died at Lucknow, India, September 16th, after a sickness of six days. He was one of the six missionaries sent out last spring by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

**The Literary Paper of the South:**

"EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ IT"

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ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER!

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at Boone's Boot and Shoe Emporium. I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youth's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-Skins, and Shoe finding's of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me.

Terms cash.  
October, 11.

**BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!**

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER

Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

| 2 inch | 3 ply | 12 1/2 | cts. | per foot. |
|--------|-------|--------|------|-----------|
| 2 1/2  | "     | "      | 15   | "         |
| 3      | "     | "      | 17   | "         |
| 4      | "     | "      | 22   | "         |
| 5      | "     | "      | 27   | "         |
| 6      | "     | "      | 32   | "         |
| 7      | "     | "      | 38   | "         |
| 8      | "     | "      | 42   | "         |
| 10     | "     | "      | 60   | "         |
| 12     | "     | "      | 72   | "         |

J. B. F. BOONE.

**GREAT ATTRACTION.**

A new cheap store in Greensboro, J. F. Jolley, has taken the store formerly occupied by Winbourn & Witty, where he is now receiving a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. He will still continue to keep his usual variety of Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing Goods. Thankful for the Favors he received while he was in the Clothing Business, he hopes by punctuality and industry to merit a continuance of the same.

J. F. JOLLEY,  
October, 11.

**LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, BRANDIES,**

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by

W. S. CLARK,  
Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

**GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING**

STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of Ready Made Clothing is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimere and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will commend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,  
Greensboro, Sept. 1, 1859.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

In this department our assortment was never better. Embracing Children's, Misses', Boys', Gentlemen and Ladies', Shoes and Boots, to all of which we would particularly call the attention of the public.

COLE & AMIS.

**EVERY READER OF THE**

"TIMES," will please notice the advertisement descriptive of Mr. SEARS' Pictorial Family Bible, and send for the Printed Catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.

To the uninitiated in the great art of Selling Books, we would say, that we present a scheme for money making, far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia.

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher \$25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices) a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly.

Address (post paid)

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,

181 William Street, New York.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

The undersigned, being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Prescriptions, and replies, prepare material for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, PINLEY JOHNSON, 107 1/2



## Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25th, '59.

Thanksgiving day—Harper's Ferry excitement again—Commission of Patents—The Jews and Sunday.

Yesterday, being Thanksgiving day, was observed here with much order: In the forenoon there was divine service in all the Churches of the City, attended by large congregations; and in the afternoon the streets and avenues were filled with persons, mostly of the working class; it was a most delightful day. Last night there were quite a number of balls given, which passed off very pleasantly; in a word every one seemed to enjoy "Thanksgiving" very much; the various Departmental offices were of course closed, and no business of any kind was transacted throughout the day.

During the past week there has been much excitement here, in consequence of the news of an outbreak at Charleston, Va., received on last Saturday—large numbers of military companies were soon at the place of disturbance, but the news proved to be a false alarm growing from the fact that several incendiary fires had taken place in the vicinity of Charleston, some of which were very destructive. A few of the companies have returned to their respective homes, whilst several others have remained to guard the town in case of an attempt to rescue Old Brown.

Hon. William D. Bishop, Commissioner of Patents, has left this City on a brief visit to his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. S. T. Shugert, Esq. chief clerk, will perform the duties of the post during Mr. Bishop's absence.

A number of Jews in this City wrote a letter to Mayor Berret last week asking if they could not open their stores and places of business on Sunday, as they always close them on Saturday, that being their Sabbath; answered that as it was against the law for any business to be transacted on Sunday, he could not allow them to open their stores on that day.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1859.

The State Election—Broderick Funeral—The Great Balloon—Charter Election—Old Brown—Prayers for Treason—The Weather—Methodist Missionary Society.

As I predicted some time since, the "machines" have been "smashed." Eight of the nine State Officers selected by the Union, or American Convention, have been elected, in spite of a bitter opposition by both parties; and had there been any exertion made by the American party the whole ticket would have been elected by a very large majority. While it is a triumph for the Americans, it is no victory only in a national sense, showing conclusively, as it does, that even in the great Empire State sectionalism is in a minority and that in 1860 a man of national principles must be selected for President. In the State both parties will be troubled with a weak backbone, and one will be watched by the other, and beneficial for the people.

The Broderick mock funeral passed off on Sunday, very greatly against the wishes of many of his friends and a large portion of the freemen themselves, being opposed to Sunday parades. The procession for the same cause was listened to by about 200 persons. The procession, however, was large and imposing. It may afford consolation to a dead man, if he can be assisted by spiritualists, to know that to be killed in a duel is to be immortalized on Sunday!

The great balloon is like the Great Eastern—a big balloon (and ship)—that's about all. One has lost its breath twice, and flattened down on the ground; the other tried to do something several times and failed, having weathered only one storm one hour.

The city is in great commotion just now on the charter election, where about three millions of steelings are at stake. Fernando Wood is a standing candidate for Mayor, and has made a liberal bid for all law and Sabbath breakers to support him, which they will certainly do, and they are "legion." Tammany Hall has nominated Mr. Havemeyer, a very good and worthy man, who has served before, and very acceptably. The Republicans have put up a Mr. Opdyke a very clever man and merchant, and there will be half a dozen more two-and-sixpenny candidates. As it is, Wood will be elected, and the Republicans responsible for it, for with a democratic majority of 25,000 the Republicans stand about as good a chance to succeed as the big balloon has of getting to Europe; yet, like old Brown, they are half deranged.

Brown seems to be a great hero now, and prayers are made for the "martyr," the "saint" and the "defender of freedom." Some very weak tears are extorted from very silly heads on the subject.

The weather has been exceedingly mild and beautiful.

The Bishops and members of the Missionary Society, at their late meeting in this city, held a very interesting meeting,

and increased their appropriations over last year something over \$21,000.

Provisions are abundant and moderately cheap. Money is plenty, but among the working classes not to be had.

Respectfully yours,

E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., November 28th.

The Difficulties of our Relations with Mexico—Thanksgiving day—Leaving the State—want of a Remedy—Sad event—Extraordinary fossil—Profitable cotton—Large sale of Negroes.

Dear Times: The present state of our relations, and indeed those of every other nation, with Mexico is such as to defy the most astute politician to unravel them, and, at the same time, to excite the most lively concern in the breast of every one who loves his country's welfare. The recent outrages on the lives and property of our citizens at Brownsville, Texas, destroying their houses, putting them in prison and driving off their stock, to say nothing of the invasion of our territory by armed forces, all these acts of hostility demand the most rigorous measures from our Government. Then the question arises how is redress to be obtained, punishment for these crimes to be inflicted, or any guarantee against their repetition to be demanded; there is no responsible authority, no supreme head of the State, no body who can do anything or from whom any thing can be expected. All the leaders seem alike incapable of exerting any authority, putting down any mob, or of doing any thing except getting up a "pronouncement," being President a few days, stealing as much of public money as they can get hold of, and then retiring to give way to some other ruler, more avicious and less reliable, if possible, than his predecessor. Unhappy Mexico! like Italy, "cursed with fatal gift of beauty" and wealth, time after time, she has been the slave of unprincipled tyrants, each of whom has deceived, betrayed and ruined her in turn; and now, like a frail and unfortunate beauty, her virtue, wealth and strength lost, she is banded, kicked and cast off by those whom she might formerly have commanded, until she is at length may find some obscure sink of corruption and iniquity, where there is no lower depth. It is even difficult to conjecture how we can secure our border line, the Rio Grande; if this be not of itself defence enough, how can we secure it? True, we might seize the other side, but here the same difficulty is presented; we shall have to take the surrounding country to enable us to hold in peace what we have thus acquired. The condition of the country, of the army and of our finances is not such as would render such aggressive steps as these either popular or expedient; nevertheless, even in view of the evils entailed on us by the last war with Mexico, in the forced crop of heroes and statesmen, with which we are plagued, we cannot say that it is unadvisable to give some congenial employment to some of those excitable and restless spirits, who indulge themselves in such harmless sport as that at Harper's Ferry.

"Thanksgiving" was a most beautiful day here, and was duly celebrated by the various churches and by the individual members, around the dinner table afterwards. Thirty States and Territories united on the 24th, besides several cities of Virginia: those who did not, were Arkansas, Louisiana, Virginia, Missouri and California, and we hope they yet may find a cause and a suitable day to express their thanks for the year's benefits. At the North and in New England, this festival occupies a much more important place in the public estimation, than with us and indeed there it almost supercedes Christmas.

We have recently been quite forcibly struck seeing what a number of young men of talents, means and standing are daily leaving the State to seek wider and richer fields; we can safely say that within the last month we can count a dozen men, who have gone from this section out west and we know of others bound North and South; not one of these will ever probably return or spend a dollar in this State again, and we very naturally inquire when and where all this will end and what will be the result of its continuance? Can any one calculate what would be the amount of emigration from this State to Cuba in case she should come into the Union? Can nothing be done to induce our young men who have been born, bred, and raised here to spend their time, money and talents in and for their native State? It is happy for us, indeed that so many of our sons go abroad; they spread the reputation of our State and, acting up to the principles here instilled, they become living lights, showing forth the honor and glory of their Ancient Mother; in many of the states, to be a North Carolinian is to be all that is noble and true.

A most shocking event took place here on Tuesday morning last. Mr. Lewis E. Henry, only son of the late Hon. L. D. Henry, died in consequence of an overdose of Opium, administered by himself; every face was veiled in sorrow at the sad news, for no one knew the unfortunate man, without loving him; grown up amongst us he was universally regarded as one whom we could ill afford to lose, so graceful, kind, polite and amiable, he has gone to the "land where all things are forgotten." He had recently purchased a farm in this neighborhood, was only 29 years old and leaves a wife and family in Norfolk, where he, father resides.

A gentleman recently showed us a broad piece of gold, being the third dug from the same spot on his plantation in Warren; it had the appearance of Spanish or Portuguese doubloon, but was so much cut and worn, its character was hardly ascertainable: it was worth 13 or 14 dollars.

Our friend A. T. Miat, of this county, after exhibiting a bale of his cotton at our fair and those at Petersburg and Norfolk and obtaining therefor \$55 in prizes, sold it at Norfolk for some \$55—say \$120 for a bale Wake county cotton.

Mr. G. W. Mordecai sold the other day at one time one hundred and six of his negroes for \$80,000—enough to stock a large farm; he has plenty more of the same sort left. Yours &c. P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 21st 1859.

The capture of Brownsville—Continued Fires—Opening of the Theatre d'Orleans—Sugar Crop.

The news of the capture and sack of Brownsville on the Rio Grande, is received here with deep concern. Many suppose that Cortinas and his band of outlaws are in some way leagued with the mad wretches at Harper's Ferry, who are shortly to expiate their crimes upon the gallows, but in the best informed quarters very little credit is given to this rumor. The wrongs of the people of Brownsville will doubtless meet with prompt redress at the hands of the U. S. Gov't, and it is probable that this matter will seriously complicate our relations with Mexico. At all events it will have the effect of concentrating American settlers along the Rio Grande frontier, so as to render that portion of the country safe from the incursions of Mexican marauders in the future.

Fires daily continue to desolate the fairest districts of our city. If this remorseless reign of incendiarism should continue, in the course of a year, half of New Orleans will be in ruins. The citizens, however, are taking vigorous measures to establish a patrol, and in other respects to keep a vigilant watch over their dwellings. The great scarcity of water in the portion of the city where the late conflagrations have taken place, renders the work of the firemen spreading doubly imminent.

The old opera house, known as the Theatre d'Orleans, opened on Thursday night with *Robert le Diable*. The company is one of peculiar excellence. Every body here is now on the *qui vive* to witness the opening of the new opera house, which will take place in the course of a few days.

The sugar crop is a very bountiful one, and the merchants are very busy, shipping thousands of hogheads, which teach our wharves daily.

STYX.

THE VIRGINIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has recently held its annual session in the city of Lynchburg. This body now consists of some hundred and ninety members, twenty young men having at the present Session entered the work of the ministry in that branch of the Christian church. Only one member of the Conference has died during the past year—that being the Rev. Wm. Reed, an old, faithful and much loved preacher.

Bishop Early, the veteran soldier of the Cross, presided over the deliberations of the body—and for ability and decision of character he has few equals in connection with the church. Letter writers from the city to different papers in the State, speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of the Lynchburgers—and of their efforts to accommodate the ministers and others in attendance on the deliberations of the Conference.

The reports of the different Committees give evidence of an increase in the various fields of the labor of this branch of the church, and seem to be of a most satisfactory character.

A SAMPLE OF THE "SYMPATHY."—A better illustration of "free soil" sympathy has not been lately seen than that described in the following paragraph about a misguided lady from North Carolina:

"An old lady, Mrs. Frances Kindred, is now an inmate of the Warren County (Ohio) Poor House. She formerly resided in Anson County, N. C., and was rich in lands and negroes, but has spent all her property in liberating her slaves. In 1852 she went to Hillsborough, Ohio, with her last slave. She has since become so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to take refuge in a poor house. She and her friends now appeal to philanthropists to contribute enough to get her out of the poor house and place her in a more tolerable institution. Mrs. Kindred is now eighty-three years old.

WILMINGTON & MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—The Wilmington Herald says the Stockholders of the Wilmington & Manchester Rail Road Co., passed a resolution authorizing the Directors to subscribe \$15,000 to the proposed line of steamers between that port and New York, provided the Wilmington & Weldon Road subscribe \$30,000.

A resolution was also passed that application be made to the Legislature of North and South Carolina, for the passage of a law exempting the employees of the W. & M. Road, from all Jury and public duties, and the negroes hired by said Co., from working the public roads.

The President's salary was raised from \$2,000 to \$3,000 per annum, from and after this date.

Messrs. Geo. R. French, J. M. Timmons and Jno. McKee, Jr., were appointed Auditing Committee for the ensuing year.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of President and Directors, and Thos. D. Walker, was unanimously re-elected President.

The old Board of Directors were re-elected, viz:

John Dawson, Jno. A. Taylor, H. Nutt, and N. N. Nixon, of Wilmington; Alfred Smith, of Columbus; J. Eli Gregg, G. J. W. McCall, J. D. Moore, W. P. Mays, and E. W. Charles of S. C.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER INDIAN.—Sackville, N. S., November 25. The steamer Indian, from Liverpool for Portland, which struck a sea ledge on Monday last and was totally lost, had on board 38 passengers and a crew of 100 souls. Her cargo amounted to 800 tons, with some specie.

A half hour after striking she parted amidships. Her passengers and crew took to the boats. One boat capsized, drowning several persons. Another was stove alongside the steamer. Two other boats, without passengers and sailors, drifted to sea, and have not since been heard from.

The schooner Alexander arrived at Halifax yesterday, with 24 rescued persons on board. The number of lives lost is not yet known.

The schooner Latea, which went to the assistance of the Indian, was wrecked on the breakers. Crew saved.

5000 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchants, Tailors, Mantua Makers and Housekeepers, are invited to call and see them.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C. having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston should apply soon to the undersigned, agent for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. &amp; F. GARRETT, Agents.

Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON Corner of Clinton.

ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., } Principals.  
HOWARD E. BROADBURY, A. M., }

This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.

For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3—3mp)

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WIN-

TER MONTHS.—The best book for Agents, to persons out of employment.

An elegant Gift for a Father to Present to his Family! Send for One Copy, and try it among your Friends!

WANTED.—Agents in every section of the United States, to circulate Sears' Large Type Quarto Bible, for Family Use—Entitled The People's Pictorial Domestic Bible, with about One Thousand Engravings!!

This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works. It will, no doubt, in a few years become The Family Bible of the American People.

The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. It will be sold by subscription only.

Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied.

Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy.—On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well-bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon, and Texas.

Register your Letters, and your money will come safe.

In addition to the Pictorial Bible, we publish a large number of Illustrated Family Works, very popular, and of such a high moral and unexceptionable character, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a Public Benefit, and receive a Fair Compensation for their labor.

Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post paid),

ROBERT SEARS,

181 William Street, New York.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

## THE GLOBE: THE OFFICIAL

PAPER OF CONGRESS!

I publish now my annual prospectus of the Daily Globe and the Congressional Globe and Appendix, to remind Subscribers, and inform those who may desire to subscribe, that Congress will meet on the 1st day of next December, when I shall recommence publishing the above named papers. They have been published so long, that most public men know their character, and therefore I deem it needless to give a minute account of the kind of matter they will contain.

The Daily Globe will contain a report of the debates in both branches of Congress as taken down by reporters equal, at least to any corps of short-hand writers in this or any other country. A majority of them will, each, be able to report, *verbatim*, ten thousand words an hour, while the average number of words spoken by fluent speakers rarely exceed seven thousand five hundred an hour. When the debates of a day do not make more than forty-five columns, they will appear in the Daily Globe of the next morning, which will contain also, the news of the day, together with such editorial articles as may be suggested by passing events.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix will contain a report of all the debates in Congress revised by the speakers, the messages of the President of the United States, the annual reports of the heads of the Executive Departments, the laws passed during the session, and copious indexes to all. They will be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The whole will make, it is believed, between 3,800 and 3,900 pages, the long sessions for many years past having ranged between those numbers, and the next session will be a long one. This, I believe, is the cheapest work ever sold in any country, whether a reprint, or printed from manuscript copy, taking for data the average number of words of the long session since the year 1848. The average number of pages is 3,876 and the average number of words on a page is 2,997, consequently the average number of words of a long session is 9,200,773. As I have sold to subscribers that number of words for six dollars, it follows that they have paid less than six and one half cents for every 100,000 words I have furnished them, while I have paid my reporters \$6.29 for every 2,997 words of this work in manuscript.

The coming session will, without doubt, be an unusually interesting one, because the candidates of the respective parties for President and Vice-President of the United States will be nominated before it closes, and therefore, the debates will be mostly on such political questions as, it may be thought, will tend to influence public opinion in regard to the persons to be supported for these offices, and the Globe will be, as it has been for many years past, the only source from which the full debates of Congress can be obtained.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix pass free through the mails of the United States, as will be seen by reading the following Joint Resolution passed by Congress the 6th of Aug. 1852:

Joint Resolution providing for the distribution of the Laws of Congress and the Debates thereon.

With a view to the cheap circulation of the laws of Congress and the debates contributing to the true interpretation thereof, and to make them more accessible to the representatives.

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the present session of Congress, the Congressional Globe and Appendix, which contain the laws and debates thereon, shall pass free through the mails so long as the same shall be established by order of Congress: Provided, That nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the circulation of the Daily Globe free of postage.

Approved August 6, 1852.

For a copy of the Daily Globe, during the session, \$5.00. For one copy of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, during the session, 6.00. For two copies ditto, when ordered at the same time, 10.00.

No attention will be paid to any order unless the money accompanies it.

Bank notes, current in the section of the country where a subscriber resides, will be received in payment. The whole or any part of the subscription may be remitted in postage stamps, which is preferable to any currency, except gold or silver.

I cannot afford to exchange with all the newspapers that desire the Globe; but I will send the Daily Globe during the session to the editors of those papers who publish this Prospectus three times before the first Monday of next December, and sending me one number of their paper containing it, marked with a pen to direct my attention. JOHN C. RIVES.

Washington, Oct. 27, 1859. 45—81.

## WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Change of Proprietors.

Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st—1y.

## KERSEY LINSEY.

Negro Blankets, Stripes and Plaid 4 & 5, Brown and Bleached cotton Cloths, Satinets, Casimeres, Cloths, Tweed Jeans, North Carolina Jeans, Ticking and Flannels at

COLE &amp; AMIS.

Nov. 1st 1859.

## GENTLEMEN

May find an assortment of Oakford's silk and casimere Hats of the latest city style at

COLE &amp; AMIS.

Nov. 1st 1859.



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Dec. 3, 1859.

C. C. COLK, } Editors and Proprietors  
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

## Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. GARETHRE, D.D.,  
W. R. HUNTER,  
J. STARR DODDGEWAY,  
Mr. L. H. HUGHES,  
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,  
S. J. C. WHITNEY,  
MARY W. JARVIS,  
WILLIAM F. FAROE,  
INA CLAYTON,  
C. U. DUNN,  
ANNA M. FATES,  
GRACE MILWOOD,  
Mrs. L. M. HUGHES,  
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,  
Mrs. C. BUNNING,  
GRIFFITH J. MOORE,  
and others.

## \$200.00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving \$200.00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....\$100.00  
For the second best..... 50.00  
For the third best..... 50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

## COLE &amp; ALBRIGHT,

Publishers of THE TIMES,  
Greensboro, N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

## The Jews.

There is evidently a moving among the Jewish Nation. We say Jewish Nation, because though they are scattered among all lands and people, yet they maintain strictly their peculiar nationalities. Something over a year ago, we published an account of the holding of a convention by the Jews in Europe, debating the question of the Christian religion, and whether the promised Messiah had come; and the conclusion of the council was, they would wait fifteen years longer, and if Christ did not appear in that time, they would adopt the Christian religion.

Recently, the Jews in New York have decided to observe the Christian Sabbath, instead of the Jewish Sabbath, which is Saturday.

In Europe a remarkable scene took place last month. In the city of Leghorn, the Jews for the first time offered up a prayer for a Christian prince, and invoked the blessing of heaven upon Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia. The prayer was recited by Signor Roberto Funaro. At the first word the three thousand Jews present, with the exception of a few old men, rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen."

The *Eco d'Italia*, in reporting this interesting fact, gives the text of the beautiful and touching invocation, of which the following is but an inadequate translation:

"May that One who watches over the safety of kings, who gives dominion to princes, whose empire is from everlasting to everlasting; may He who liberated his servant David from the murderous sword, who opened a way in the sea and a sure pathway through the rushing waves; may He bless, guard, defend, succor, elevate and exalt the king elect, Victor Emanuel."

"May the King of kings guide his footsteps, preserve his life, and shield

him from all danger and peril. May the King of kings, in his clemency, exalt the star of his destiny, and grant him a long and peaceful reign. May the King of kings give to him and all his counsellors and ministers power and courage. May this be His Divine pleasure; and let all the people say Amen."

## Miss Susan Archer Talley.

In reviewing a week or two since a book of poems by Miss Talley, just published by Messrs. Rudd & Carlton, New York, in which there is neither note, preface, or dedication, by which the reader may gain any information, whatever, of the gifted authoress, we expressed an earnest desire to know something of the locality of one whose poems indicated such an exquisite sense of the music of language.

We have learned since that Miss Talley is a young Virginia lady, and though this is her first volume of poems, the literary Messenger says, "for years her occasional contributions have been the brightest gems it has been the privilege of this magazine to present to the reading public. Miss Talley is far the most gifted, in our judgment, of the female poets of America."

From another source we learn deeply to sympathize with one so gifted, yet so afflicted, for she lives in a silent world. That stern foe of childhood, which so often pronounces sentence of death upon its fairest and brightest, or but commutes the sentence to a partial imprisonment for life from the outer world, saying to them, "Live, but be sightless;" or, "Live, but be soundless and voiceless," pronounced the latter sentence upon her. But against a portion of this sentence she has bravely and persistently struggled. Having previously acquired the faculty of speech, she has, unlike most of her fellow-sufferers, clung to it tenaciously and successfully. The lips that had once spoken words of affection, refused to give up their office. Other lips may be mute to her; but there is no thought or feeling which does not find ready expression on her own.

This peculiar affliction, while it alleviates the affliction for her friends, gives a singular piquancy to her intercourse with casual acquaintances. A look, a sign, on their part, or a half-spelled sentence upon the fingers, is instantly caught and interpreted; and it seems so impossible to associate a sorrow with a face so sparkling, or a defect with one so intelligent, that the imperfection seems oddly, for the moment, to be transferred to yourself. She cannot be deaf; it is you that are dumb. You feel as if conversing with some intellectual foreigner, with whose language you are but partially acquainted, who kindly takes your stammering words and unformed sentences, and gives them, at once, intelligent expression and eloquent reply.

In addition to the alleviation of her affliction which the power of speech affords, and for which she may thank, in part, her own brave spirit, nature, in her kindly habit of compensation, has gifted Miss Talley with rare poetic and artistic taste and talent. The evidence of the former is in the volume before us. The latter, though only exercised hitherto in portraying the features of her friends, or in sketching a merry caricature of some domestic incident for the amusement of her young companions, we trust will yet be employed in the illustration of her own poems.

We have not given these items of personal information from any desire to bespeak the indulgence of the reader. There is no need, and we have no right, to do so. The simple manner in which the poems make their appearance, without preface or introduction of any kind, shows the wish of the writer that they should be judged on their own merits merely; but we have believed that the facts we have mentioned would heighten the appreciation of what is beautiful in them, and be a key to much of interest that might otherwise escape the attention.

With this key, the reader will notice in the descriptive expressions, the rustling leaf, the pattering rain, the wailing wind, and others, and especially in the poem on the murmur of the sea-shell, how the author revels in the memory

of childish pleasures no longer hers.—In the introduction to the "Legend of the Odenwald," for example, there is scarce a line which does not appeal to a sense of which she is deprived, but whose power she fully appreciates.

## Our National Prosperity.

For extent of territory; for salubrity of climate; for richness of soil; for inexhaustible mineral wealth; for natural commercial and manufacturing advantages; the United States never had its equal in the catalogue of nations. Canaan may have been a land flowing with milk and honey; "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;" but she may not be compared either for wealth or extent of territory with this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Our forefathers were guided by the hand of Providence and planted in this goodly heritage, free from persecutions of religious bigotry and fanaticism.—The same kind Providence that planted, nourished and protected; and we grew a nation of freemen, acknowledging allegiance only to the King of kings. And to-day we stand forth among the nations of the earth the most favored of them all. No capricious monarch holds a tenure upon our liberty or our lives; no kingly priestcraft dictates our religious worship; no hereditary virtue or nobility attains among our civil institutions; but the hand of diligence bringeth wealth, and the heart of virtue, nobility.

As a nation we are prosperous, we are wealthy, we are happy; but, since the hand that planted may pluck up, the question that most claims our serious attention is, how shall this free, this happy, this prosperous confederation of States continue to live together in union and in peace, fulfilling its destiny and the design of the God that planted it?

We are taught explicitly upon this point, in the word of God, that "righteousness exalteth a nation; while sin is a reproach to any people." Nations are responsible to God as are individuals, and, therefore, are punishable for national transgressions of the law of God. But since nations exist only in Time, their punishment, unlike that inflicted upon individuals after Time is wound up as a scroll, must follow in the wake of transgression. Hence wars and pestilences are sent, feuds arise and governments are broken asunder. Sodom and Gomorah was blotted from existence because there were not ten righteous men found within her walls; yet Nineveh was preserved because she heeded the preaching of one righteous man and repented in humility for her transgressions. Babylon was great, but the wrath of an offended God was greater, and she became a desolation and a waste; the hiding place of serpents, of owls and of bats. The strength of a nation is not in wise councils, or else Greece would not have fallen; it is not in steel clad armor, or else Rome would yet be mistress of the world. "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth;" for "they that trust in the Lord cannot be removed, but a-bideth forever."

There are those in our country who tremble in fear for the safety of this Union. And indeed their fears are not wholly groundless since fanaticism is so rampant. But so long as the States unite as one sincere voice in praise and thanksgiving, there is hope for the Union. We will continue a nation of freemen, a refuge for the oppressed, and a beacon light to the benighted of every land.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.—Gov. McWillie, of Mississippi, in his annual message, recommends that the Legislature should make it the duty of the Governor, in the event of the election of a black republican to the presidency of the United States in November, 1860, to issue his proclamation ordering an election for delegates to a State convention, to be held on the first Monday of December next thereafter, and that said delegates be appointed to assemble at the capitol, in the city of Jackson, on the third Monday of the said month of December, 1860, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may meet the exigency of the occasion. He further recommends that the other Southern States be invited to co-operate with Mississippi.

## THANKSGIVING.

On Thursday of last week, thanksgiving day was generally observed by our citizens. Services were held in the Methodist Church. Rev. H. T. Hudson preached an excellent sermon appropriate to the occasion, in which he referred in eloquent terms to the privileges and blessings we enjoy as a nation; the vastness of our domain, its internal wealth and its ocean walls of security; the freedom and privileges of the masses; to them the road to wealth and to preferment in no other country is free and open. Hence it was appropriate that we, as a nation and as a state, should observe a day of humiliation, praise and thanksgiving. That the Lord of the earth should be praised for the plenty of the harvest, for the staying of the plague and the pestilence. If such a discourse could have been listened to by our people in city and country, a volume of praise would have ascended to heaven as the odor of sweet incense, and the voice of the Lord would have been heard, and the waves of civil commotion would have hushed in to a peaceful calm.

## Bench and Bar of So. Ca.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF SOUTH CAROLINA. By John Belton O'Neill, LL. D. President of the Law Court of Appeals and the Court of Errors. Comprising sketches of the Chief Justices, Chancellors, Attorneys-General, Solicitors, Law Judges, Records, District Attorneys, Members of the Bar; to which is added the "Fee Bill" of 1791, with the Original Signatures in fac simile, the Rolls of Attorneys Admitted to practice, etc. 2 vols., octavo; price \$5. Charleston, S. C.: S. G. Courtenay & Co. publishers.

Judge O'Neill is known in all the South as one of the purest as well as ablest Judges upon the Bench. Raised and educated a Quaker, he is plain and unassuming, dignified and courteous. The above work is just issued by the enterprising publishing house of S. G. Courtenay & Co., Charleston, S. C., and we anticipate no ordinary pleasure in its perusal as soon as we can secure a copy.

The Salisbury Banner has been purchased by Mr. John Spelman, and will hereafter be conducted by him. Mr. Spelman has been the foreman in the Standard office at Raleigh for a number of years, besides a reporter for that paper, therefore he has experience sufficient to enable him to make a paper inferior to none in the State, and we hope he may receive abundant encouragement, pecuniarily and otherwise. The politics of the Banner will remain as heretofore, democratic. Terms of the Banner, \$2 per annum in advance.

A CURIOUS FACT.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a bacinth glass and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down to the water and shoot upwards its tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak growing this way on the mantle shelf of a room is a very interesting object.

A NOVEL SIGNATURE.—There is a firm in Troy, N. Y., who, instead of signing the names of the firm, affix a couple of ambrotypes a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life like delineation of the features of the senior and the other that of the junior member of the firm. Homely men will, of course, set their faces against any such arrangement.

AFTER CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.—Mr. Marble, of Lynn, Mass., has been blasting at Dungeon Rock, Mass., for eight years, hoping to obtain the treasure of Capt. Kidd. He has blasted a passage way about eight feet in height and breadth, nearly 100 feet in the solid rock. He has been guided by spiritualists.

A certain linen draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavored to remind him that she had paid when he had called some time ago. He declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance, on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did not recollect." To which the lady replied, "I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not recollect."

SETTLEMENT OF DIFFICULTIES.—There is such information in Washington as to warrant a belief that all the differences between the United States and Great Britain growing out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty will be adjusted through the agency of Mr. Wyke, the English minister to Central America. A part of the arrangement was the recent settlement of the boundary of British Honduras.

## WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## LINES.

BY LEILA.

I'm alone in my Southern home, mother,  
And the embers are burning low,  
And the winds go wild and sweeping by,  
Like a tide at ebb and flow.

The sky is dark with clouds, mother,  
And the rain will soon be here;  
But the storm is my heart I cannot smother,  
Nor the falling of the tear.

Your child is sad to-night, my mother,  
Thoughts wander in a far off land:  
I'm with you and all the others  
That make our household band.

I'm in a Southern hall of pride, my mother,  
But the pomp of wealth I scorn;  
I'm wandering now with you, dear brother,  
In the dews of early morn.

O'er the hill-side steep we clamber'd, mother,  
The way was lone and bleak.  
Till we gained a point all wild and jagged,  
Where ocean waves lay at our feet.

The ship's white sail is in sight, my mother,  
That will lure thy boy away;  
I feel the press of your hand, my brother,  
As we stood on the hill that day.

'Neath the ocean wave he is sleeping, mother,  
And the coral winds its spray  
In a shroud of love that is keeping  
Him for the last great day!

In the spirit of dreams I'm roving, mother,  
The embers have burnt quite low,  
But we never shall come again, my brother,  
To our home in the Northern snow.

The storm and the rain have come, my mother,  
And the winds go sweeping round,  
The leaves they have left their branches cover  
And fallen on the ground.

Your child is sad to-night, my mother,  
Thoughts wander in a far off land:  
I'm with you and all the others  
That make our household band.

## To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars and terms.

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTES.—A letter in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, from M. Gaillardet, dated Paris, Nov. 4th, says that Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who recently returned to the United States, had refused the dignity of Senator of France, offered to him by his father, Prince Jerome, in order to induce him to remain in France. Mr. Bonaparte preferred the simple title of American citizen to that of Senator of France.

RETURN OF MR. PRESTON.—Our minister to Spain, Mr. Preston, is expected home by the next steamer. The President has given him leave of absence for six months.

NON-INTERCOURSE WITH THE NORTH.—The Richmond Whig cordially approves a suggestion "for the formation of voluntary associations throughout Virginia and the South bound together by a common pledge among themselves, neither to eat drink, wear, buy or use any article whatsoever manufactured at or imported from the North."

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Mr. Eastman the senior editor of the Union and American Nashville, Tenn., died on the morning of 28 Nov. of apoplexy. Mr. Poindexter of the same journal, it will be remembered was only a few days before killed in an affray with Mr. Hall, of the News.

A young gentleman at the Isle of Wight was addressing a young lady in the following grandiloquent style: "The most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman; the next man, and the third our Hampshire hogs," when she suddenly interrupted him with, "I have seen specimens of the two latter blended in one!"

KEEP AN EYE UPON THEM.—There are persons from the North travelling through the South, professing to be engaged in business of various kinds, whom it would be well enough to watch. If they talk against slavery, or if they even apologize for Seward and his infamous doctrines, give them notice to leave, and make them leave. It was the Seward doctrine that led to the outrage at Harper's Ferry.—*Standard*.

We learn that two book-peddlers who were here last week, are strongly suspected as emissaries. They spoke of canvassing the county, and may now be engaged in that work.

Since the above was written, we have seen a certificate which one of these book peddlers left with a slave in this town, promising him to write to him in a few days. He is selling his books to negroes and white men promiscuously, and giving a certificate for the delivery of the work the 10th of December next. He signs his name Jas. J. Miller.—*Salisbury Watchman*.



## A TALE OF THE WINE CUP.

BY ELEANOR G. CLAYTON.

I've seen the proudest eye grow wild,  
And incoherent words escape  
Pale lips, that told a tale of love  
Three years ago—Oh! curse the Grape!

I've seen those same lips tight compressed  
For fear of words, while flushed with wine,  
That gently quivered years ago  
While being pressed in love to mine.

I've often seen his large dark eye  
With borrowed radiance shine;  
And, oh, my inward heart doth curse,  
Most bitterly, the sparkling wine.

When tenderly, with words of love,  
The stranger wooed me for his bride,  
I felt 't would be but bliss to walk  
Life's rugged pathway by his side.

With perfect confidence I spoke:  
"My hand and heart are wholly thine."  
But dearest ties are sundered wide,  
For reason of the luring wine.

Still, still I loved him—for I learned  
To love him ere his fault I knew,  
And woman, when she once doth love,  
Is ever constant—ever true!

I gave my hand, with frenzied mind,  
To one who wealth and fame could boast,  
And he is ever good and kind—  
But 't is not Bernard—I am lost!

A cherub bright adorns our home,  
With clustering curls and sunny eyes,  
His welcome was a shower of tears—  
His cradle song, a wreath of sighs!

And little does the father know  
Whose name our baby boy bears,  
Or else the bitter knowledge would  
Soon change the smile he always wears.

We call him Bernard, and I say,  
'T is a name I fancied long ago;  
He smiles and lets me have my way—  
Oh, would that I could love him more!

And now to bind my soul to earth,  
My boy is but a single tie,  
Or else 't would be my earnest wish  
To lean on Bernard's breast and die.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MAGIC BELLS:  
A FAIRY TALE,  
For Little Folks and Grown-up  
Children.

BY JULIA SOUTHALE.

"Oh! Miss Bettie, do tell us a tale!"  
"Tell you a tale, Callie? Well, that is rather a childish request from a young lady, is it not?"  
"I'm not a young lady; I'm a little girl!" replied Callie, shaking her dark head impatiently.  
"Very well," said Miss Bettie, laughing. "I suppose I must indulge you this time."  
"Come, Annie, sit down here at Miss Bettie's feet!" cried Callie. "You must sit on that side, Marie, and I'll comb Miss Bettie's hair."  
So saying she drew out the pins that confined the long tresses of the schoolmistress, letting the flaxen hair fall in a shower over her shoulders.  
This Miss Bettie was not an old maid, although the formal "Miss," added to her name by her pupils, may bring to mind some hatched-faced, pepper-and-saltish wearer of the venerable title. Neither was she ugly or plain, although the name "schoolmistress" usually gives rise to visions of pale faces, consumptive forms, hollow eyes, and black hair. This Miss Bettie looked very fresh and girlish, as she sat there, her smile breaking into dimples in her cheeks, like sunshine on a wind-rippled lake. She had splendid eyes, changing from the purest grey to the deepest blue; and beautiful hair, of a peculiar tint, a happy medium between flaxen and gold, which the French call *blond-cendré*.  
"Well, and what kind of story would you like to hear?" she asked, smiling at her eager auditors.  
"Tell us a ghost story, Miss Bettie!" cried Callie, ceasing, for an instant, from her occupation of brushing and twisting the dawn bright tresses of the schoolmistress. "Tell us a ghost story, that will make all pale with horror, and keep us nervously looking over our shoulders at every little noise."  
"Oh! no, tell us a fairy-tale. I love fairy-tales," said Marie, who might have passed very well for a fairy herself, with her white-rose complexion, eyes like wild violets, and lips the reddest and most beautiful in the world.  
"For my part, I should like something that had something practical in it," said Annie, who kept her brown hair in smooth braids, and tried to look very wise and philosophical.  
"A ghost story, a fairy-tale, or a story about practical things!" observed the schoolmistress, laughing. "Which shall it be, Rose?"  
The little sylph, who answered to the name of Rosa and who at this moment approached the group, clapped her pretty hands, replying at once  
"A fairy-tale! a fairy-tale! by all means, and I will sit here where I can look into your face. Please begin."  
"I am puzzled," replied the schoolmistress, "where to locate my story. I

should like to have it in America, only we haven't any such innocent and pleasing delusions among us. I never heard of but one fairy tale with the scenes laid in America, the 'Culprit Fay,' so I—"  
"Oh! it must be in America," interposed Annie.

"But the fairies belong to the Old World," replied Miss Bettie.  
"No matter!" said Marie. "We must have them in America. We can't do without them at all. Go on, Miss Bettie."

"Once upon a time," began the schoolmistress, "there was a most beautiful little glen in a very thick, dark forest, all girdled in by huge trees which shook their lofty boughs high in the air. The glen was carpeted with the softest and the greenest moss, which gave back no sound to the tread of the squirrel, but was gemmed with delicate wild flowers, and the burning rays of the noon-tide sun were shut out by the interlacing of the leafy branches, and the gorgeous parasitic plants which hung brilliant garlands all over the splendid magnolia-trees that fenced in this secluded spot. At the upper end of the glen there stood a very large oak-tree, beneath whose roots bubbled up a fountain of the purest crystal water. The tree was extremely large, and was hollow at the base, with an opening from the roots about six feet upward, so that it made a great arch over the spring, protecting it alike from the burning sun and the bitter rain. The fountain also was very large, filling the huge cavity under the tree, but its water was as bright as diamonds, and, escaping from the pool, fell in a succession of little cascades over dark rocks, until it disappeared in the depths of the forest. The margin of the spring was lined with dark, velvet-green mosses, while a beautiful holly-tree which grew beside it, was glorified with the luxuriant woodbine which drooped its scarlet blossoms over the mouth of the pool."

"Down the little foot-path which led to the spring came a little girl, twining her hat in her hand while her golden hair rippled in the wind which always sighed through this glen. The little girl sprang over the cascades of the brook and went toward the fountain, where she threw her hat on the moss, and, bending over the water, watched her own blue eyes and auburn hair in its depths."

"Ah!" she said, "I will dimple the pool that I may see myself reflected in a thousand different places in the water."  
"She put out her hand to break one of the many water-lilies which grew at the edge of the pool, but suddenly drew it back."

"I will not break the poor flowers," she thought! "Their life is shorter than mine. And perhaps there is a fairy here, who loves the flowers, and whom it would pain, were I to take the lilies. No, I will not take the lilies, but I wonder if there is a fairy in the pool?"

"She was gazing steadily into the pool at the reflection of her own figure, when suddenly the sunny locks disappeared, and in their place she saw raven hair, and in stead of her own mild blue eyes, a pair of deep black orbs that sparkled like stars in the water. A shower of liquid diamonds suddenly flew into the air, falling like rain over the child who gazed breathlessly into the spring, and a mocking but musical laugh rippled up with the gushes of water from the fount. A light, shadowy mist arose from the fountain, and when it cleared away a tiny figure, full-grown, though scarcely taller than Genevieve herself, stood upon the water in the centre of the pool."

"Her little naked feet were white and shining as the leaves of the water-lilies, and her garments, which were delicate and fleecy as a silvery, May-morning mist, floated around her symmetrical form with a cloud-like grace truly bewitching. Her hair was as black as a hypocrite's heart, and fell in glittering ripples over her white and misty robe, while upon her head rested a coronal of lilies and fern-leaves, cut from pearls and emerald, with here and there violets made of sapphires and opals, the whole wreath being sprinkled with diamond dew. She held in her hand a slender wand of a shining whiteness like silver, but it was not silver, for it was semi-transparent, and when held in certain positions the light streamed through it in bright, prismatic tints. From her dainty, dimpled shoulders, quivering and glancing in the light hung a tiny pair of snow-white wings, the most exquisitely delicate imaginable, and from each fleecy plume hung a little fringe of silver bells, fashioned like a water-lily, and starred with diamonds."

"Oh! you are a fairy, you beautiful and radiant creature!" exclaimed Genevieve, clasping her hands with pure admiration, as the apparition bent towards her."

"You are a good little girl, Genevieve," said the fairy, springing lightly to the green moss."

"How came you to know that my name was Genevieve?" asked the little girl, stepping back as though half afraid of her elfin companion."

"Oh! I know very well," replied the fairy. "You are Genevieve De Vaux, and you live in the great house on yonder hill, alone with your father, for your mo-

ther is dead, and you are the heiress of all these broad lands, which belong to your father, now. All around us is his, everything you see is his, except myself. I am a fairy and am my own."

"Then she began to dance about on the velvety moss, while her silver bells rang out a rippling melody, like the tinkle of water-drops, and she sang in an indescribably musical voice, and to a beautiful air, the words:

"While the streamlet soft is singing,  
While the fairy bells are ringing,  
We will revel, hand in hand;  
To the silvery moon-beams nightly,  
Other fairies dance as lightly  
In the merry elfin land."

"While she sung thus, she looked at Genevieve with such bright pleasure dancing in her black eyes, and beaming from her smiling face, that the little girl began laughing too, and took the extended hand of the beautiful fairy, to accompany her in her wild, elfin waltz. They danced a long time, until finally Genevieve broke away from the gay sprite, saying,

"Oh! I must go home. My father will not know where I am."

"Wait a little while," replied the fountain-fairy. "I like you, Genevieve. You are a good, obedient child, with a smile and a kind word for every one, and, more than all, you never neglect to say your prayers."

"I hope I shall never be so very wicked as to do that," replied Genevieve, raising her bright blue eyes to the fairy's black ones, with an expression of surprise."

"I trust you never may," said the fairy, in a tone almost grave. "Then she added lightly, 'I am going to grant you any one wish you may now express, as a token of my good will. Think well now, before you speak, because I will grant one wish, and only one. Perhaps you wish always to be wealthy?'"

"Oh! no," replied Genevieve.  
"You wish, then, to be great and powerful?"

"No, no," said the child, again.  
"Perhaps you desire to be very beautiful?" pursued the fairy."

"No, I don't think I do," answered Genevieve, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I expect she will wish to be beloved!" interrupted Marie. "That is what I should have wished."

"It does not need a fairy to make us love you," said Rose.

"Be quiet, can't you?" interposed Callie. "Go on, Miss Bettie, please."

"Well," resumed the schoolmistress, "while the fairy spoke thus, as to what she might wish, Genevieve stood with her eyes bent thoughtfully to the earth, while she kept patting the moss with her foot. At last she raised her eyes and said, timidly,

"I think, if you please, I should wish the power of making others happy."

"The fairy smiled so brightly as to throw an actual radiance over the glen. Waving her glittering wand thrice over the head of Genevieve she replied,  
"You may rest well to-night, Genevieve. You have made a good choice—Go home now, and when you are in need of help remember Fontibell!"

"So Genevieve picked up her little straw hat and ran towards home, but as she left the glen she met Rosamond, a poor girl who lived in a little log cabin near Genevieve's home, and who came now to get a pitcher of water for her mother."

Genevieve smiled and nodded pleasantly, but Rosamond held her head down and walked straight towards the spring, without so much as glancing at Genevieve. She was in such a bad humor that she did not look half so pretty as Genevieve, but she was, in reality, much handsomer. Her eyes and hair were of a rich, dark brown, and the lips that pouted so sullenly were as red as the wood-bine flowers over the spring."

"Good evening Rosamond," said Fontibell, as the girl came up.

"Rosamond was a good deal startled, for she had not seen the fairy."

"I am the fay of this fountain," continued Fontibell, "and I will give you any wish you may make. Think well, however, for I shall give you but one!"

"Let me see," said Rosamond. "For what shall I ask? Beauty? No, I am pretty enough as it is. I desire to be rich and great," she said, turning to Fontibell."

"A shade of displeasure darkened the fairy's brow, but she waved her wand as before, saying,

"Receive your wish. I should have been better pleased had you made a wiser choice, but fill your pitcher, and return home. If riches will give you happiness to-morrow you will be happy."

"Why should I take home the ugly, dingy old pitcher, with its broken mouth, when to-morrow I shall be rich and great?" said Rosamond; and, seizing the unfortunate pitcher, she dashed it in pieces on the rocks."

"Fontibell said nothing, but Rosamond heard the tinkling of her lily-bells, and on looking around found she was alone."

"That night Genevieve's father told her that next day he should bring her a new mother, and this was no other than the mother of Rosamond. Genevieve was a dutiful and obedient child, and was pleased to think her father was no longer to be so lonely as he had been, without

thinking of the consequences to herself—So she put the house in the nicest order and smilingly welcomed Rosamond and her mother."

"One would think that they might now have been happy with one another, and so they were, apparently, until the death of Genevieve's father. From this time poor Genevieve's troubles began. Her step-mother and Rosamond no longer cared to hide their jealousy and hatred, and they devised all sorts of punishments and persecutions for one who had never a thought of evil against them. All their ill-treatment of her arose from wicked envy, for Genevieve had received the gift of making others happy, so she was universally beloved and admired, while Rosamond, notwithstanding her great beauty and accomplishments, was always disliked for her excessive pride and heartlessness."

"Rosamond and her mother took from Genevieve all the pretty dresses her father had given her, and made her sleep in a cold garret in the depths of winter. They made her sew, and wash, and cook, and bring water, when she was tired and ill; refusing to give her food after her hard day's labor, and often giving blows and cruel, taunting words to the orphan child. Sometimes, when sick and hungry, she was beaten and driven supperless to bed. Genevieve would nob herself to sleep, thinking of her father and mother, and Fontibell; for her step-mother would not allow her to visit the spring. But Fontibell would come in the bright midnight, and fill the soul of Genevieve with beautiful dreams, while she hovered near, ringing music from her magic bells as she kissed the tears away."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## A SONG.

BY INA CLAYTON.

On the bosom of the silent deep  
The moonbeams sadly quiver,  
While stars their wreny vigils keep  
Over the flowing river.

Gently this lovely night we glide  
Along the little stream;  
Beauty and love are by my side—  
Of bliss alone I dream.

The night-bird sings his roundelay,  
Up in the linden tree;  
Unto the night, my love, this adds  
A charm for you and me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY KATE.

Ah! who may know the depth, the strength, the purity, the durability, of a mother's undying love? Who can fathom the recess of a mother's heart, and learn there all the secret yearnings, she cherishes for her offspring? None, none, may know the warm, gushing emotions, bursting from a mother's bosom. Her love bids defiance the roughs of life; amidst every storm—while the tempest is waxing angriest—the dark clouds o'er life's pathway are lowering and all else of love, of hope, of joy, happiness and peace is blighted—her love is burning stronger and still stronger; her affections growing purer, brighter and more lasting. Ah! yes, take from me what else of joy I may possess, but spare me this one boon—my mother's love—the purest gem that survived the fall of man. Who was it that watched over our tender infancy? Who bore with our childish waywardness? Who taught us to bend the knee and raise the heart to hie the name "of Him who doeth all things well." Our mother. Then who will chide us for loving this mother?—Has care shaded our brow, disappointment filled our heart? Who but our mother can offer the balm? She has ever a smile for our joys, a tear for our sorrows. Life with its cares may ruffle the calm of our bosoms and our spirits may often be crushed by the ruthless hand of fate, but she, firm as some ocean rock, hurls back the angry lashings, whispers words of consolation, and pours into our hearts the oil of gladness. See her as she bends over the low couch of her dying boy! Could aught but a mother's tears flow thus?—else listen, as she imploringly points to her innocent babe as he rests in his rosy slumber, and begs of her callous-hearted mate,

"If for me thou heed'st not  
Yet for his sake stay—"

Oh! say not that woman's heart is cold, her love a fitful thing, forever on the wing, for it burns with true, undeviating light and never from its idol turns—"as constant as the Northern star, of whose fixed and unwavering quality there is no equal in the firmament." See that mother as she tenderly throws back the locks of her manly boy and imprints a gentle kiss on his forehead, does she then leave him to his balmy slumber? No, noiselessly she falls at his bed-side, and with uplifted heart, prays the protection of Almighty God on him through the night—through life—through eternity. Do'st thou yet say that woman's heart is a fitful thing, resting here to-day and to-morrow there? What is it that woman's love may not accomplish? A man may become fallen, degraded, an outcast, a wanderer from society—become steeped in infamy and

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## Faded Flowers.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

"I keep it still, the faded flower,  
Through long and cheerless years,  
In memory of that happy hour,  
Which time the more endears.

When from the hand the gift I took,  
And saw the tear drop start,  
And clasped with fond and gentle look,  
The giver to my heart."

Who has not a faded flower hid far away in their memory dell? A flower the purest of its kind, which though through long years it has ceased to bloom in all its fresh loveliness of hope and joy, yet is ever nourished by a sacred love—the love of bygone hours.

We may be called dreamers who cherish these Faded Flowers, and who when weary of life's cares allow our thoughts to travel amid the gems found in memory's dell freshly blooming with the sunshine which flitted across the path of our young ambition. Dreamers though we be in letting our imagination bathe in the pure waters of the Past, yet the heart ever beats in harmony to the joyous scenes we again seem moving amongst. My memory dell! What gems are there! What gems are there! they may be faded flowers, but no flowers now bloom that gladden my soul like those. Flowers which start the tear drops, or bring the hot flush to the cheek, the quiver to the lip—faded they may be, yet are they treasures. The gentle look of some fond face, now sleeping the sleep of death, with the green sward gently waving over the grave—I meet in memory's dell: our souls roam together over the fields of nature and the silver streams of golden youth, we pause here and there, laugh at the sailing bird above us, and deem ourselves twice happy, talk to the fishes in the brook, rove amid the tall trees of the forest, rejoicing in God's lovely works. Faded flowers! I love to think of you. None now excel you; none equal you. And as I onward hie in life, and meet the cold faces of mankind, faded flowers you chime to my soul a song more wished for than the splendor of the world, for from you I hear no unkind word, no ill look. Faded flowers! long will you dwell in my memory's dell, often shall I seek you, and shall nourish you with the warm affection of the dreamer's love.

DON'T FAIL to see "Sixth Annual Announcement," and brilliant offers, in another column.



## THE TIMES

### GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

#### Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail-book.

TERMS: \$2.00 per year, in advance; Clubs of ten and over, \$15.00, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

By reason of a sudden and distressing family affliction, the Hon. D. K. McRae cannot be with us on Saturday, the 3rd of December, to deliver his lecture before the Greene Monument Association. Notice will be given hereafter of the time to which it has been postponed. WILL. L. SCOTT, Sec. Board of Managers.

Nov. 28, 1859.

**OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA.**—In publishing an account of this Institution last week, our informant was at fault in one point, in reference to the date of Commencement day. Commencement occurs on Wednesday after the third Monday in July, and not "on the Monday succeeding the second Monday in November."

The calendar for 1860 is: January 3, second term begins; March 28 and 29, examinations and end of second term; April 10, third term begins; July 18, commencement.

**PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.**—A gentleman in the city of New York, well known as an astronomer and amateur photographer, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, with a beauty and accuracy far exceeding anything of the kind ever previously accomplished in this country or Europe.

**JUDGE DOUGLAS.**—It is understood that Judge Douglas' physicians unite in urging him to proceed to the coast of Florida, with a view to the restoration of his health, and that Mrs. Douglas accompany him for a similar purpose, as soon as their strength will enable them to travel. It is not yet known, however, whether he will act on the suggestion.

**NEW STEAMER.**—The new Cunard steamer just contracted for with the Napiers of Glasgow is to exceed the Persia by 500 tons, and will in every other respect be larger and more powerful than that vessel. Efforts are to be made with her to surpass anything afloat, both as regards speed and internal arrangements.

**ALABAMA.**—On Friday, the 8th, the two houses of the Alabama Legislature elected Hon. Richard W. Walker as Judge of the Supreme Court, vice Judge Rice resigned. Judge Walker was appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired term of Judge Rice.

**DIFFICULTY WITH MEDICAL STUDENTS.** A row took place in Philadelphia on Monday 21st ult., among some medical students, and L. A. Stith of this State, was arrested as a participant. Three others from North Carolina, D. L. Stone, Foust and Watson, two connected with the University of Pennsylvania and one with Jefferson College, have been missing since.

**REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS.**—We see it stated that this divine has been elected Professor of Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. It is thought he will not accept.

**TROUBLES IN TEXAS.**—The Texas Legislature has ordered out the State troops to arrest Cortinas, the bandit. Capt. Ford has been appointed to the chief command of the expedition.

Brownsville was still closely invested on the 19th ult.

The term of Gov. Wise expires the first Monday of January. He has disposed of his estate in Accomac, and will locate himself permanently near Richmond. Hon. John Letcher will enter upon his duties, as governor of Virginia, the first Monday in January.

#### PRIVATE CORNER.

**INA CLAYTON.**—We thank you for your last full letter—"I pray for him," "Lines," "Oh! Pshaw," "The First Sabbath in Heaven," and "There's Rest for the Weary."

**NYDIA.**—Will you not favor the Times and its readers with much of your musings? "Our Alma Mater" is thrice welcomed.

**MABEL LANSING.**—My Early Sorrow" received, but one so blessed by nature should never know sorrow. We hail your oft received letters with increased pleasure, for each and every one bears something good for our readers.

**HELEN R. RODRIGUES.**—"Coincidence" received.

**GOV. WISE PRAYED FOR.**—A portion of the pious wing of the Black Republican party of New York city, held a prayer meeting last Monday night in the lecture room of Dr. Cheever's Church on Union square. The Harper's Ferry treason was extolled, and prayers were offered up for John Brown & Company. A "well dressed colored woman" was among the speakers.

One speaker suggested that Brown and Smith and the slaves were not the only proper subjects of prayer. "They ought to pray (said he) for Gov. Wise. He did not want to be misunderstood, but he would compare Gov. Wise, of Virginia, to Pontius Pilate; and if he had a wife he hoped she would be troubled in her dreams as Mrs. Pilate was until she went to the Governor where men could not reach him, and begged of him to have nothing to do with that just man. Possibly when the Governor heard of the vast crowds which were going to see the public spectacle of colored men hanging in the forenoon and white men in the afternoon, he would be afraid of a tumult which he could not stop and wash his hands of the whole matter. Perhaps the people would say, as they said of old; "His blood be upon us and our children." If so, he begged he might not be one of them. Perhaps prayer might turn the heart of Governor Wise, as the heart of Ahasuerus was turned; it was a little thing for God to turn And who could tell, that as Paul was converted by the meeting streams of prayer that followed him from Jerusalem, and that met him from the Christians that he went forth to persecute, so Gov. Wise might be converted, and become an apostle of freedom as Paul was of the Gospel. Perhaps prayer might compel him to call the Legislature together, if necessary, to stop that execution."

Thank Heaven the population of the Metropolis of the country is not composed wholly of such blasphemers. If it were, our Union, cemented though it be with patriot blood, could not last another day.

**A CONDUCTOR ON A COW-CATCHER.**—We read in the Harrisburg Patriot: "As one of the freight trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Barre, Sliding, a station about twelve miles west of Huntington, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track, playing unconsciously of its danger. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but the weight of the train and the high speed at which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child, which must inevitably have been crushed to death. In this emergency, when most men would have stood paralyzed with horror, the conductor of the train, Mr. McCoy, with steadiness of nerve that has few parallels, ran to the front of the engine, crawled down on the cow-catcher, and holding himself with one hand, leaned as far forward as possible, and, as he approached the child, with a sweeping blow of the other he threw it off the track. It was the work of an instant, and required a steady hand and cool head to accomplish it; but he was equal to the emergency. The train was immediately stopped, and on going back the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment, some twenty or thirty feet from the track of the road, alive and kicking, but somewhat stunned and bruised. The child belonged to a farmer named Neff, residing immediately along-side the road."

**LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.**—The damage to the sugar crop by the late frosts in Louisiana is much greater than was at first supposed. Had the summer weather which followed continued the effects would have been even more disastrous. The change to cooler weather again is favorable to grinding; but the accounts, from the best authorities in the sugar parishes, state the damage already done as extremely serious.

**FROM GEN. SCOTT.**—The Secretary of War received the following despatch from Lieut. Gen. Scott, dated Straits of Puen, October 27, and sent by way of Leavenworth: "Two days ago I despatched from Fort Townsend a communication to Gov. Douglas, proposing a temporary adjustment on the basis suggested by the President in his instructions to me. There has been no answer yet. No doubt the proposition will be accepted. Everything is tranquil in these islands."

**ARREST OF A NORTHERNER.**—On Friday last, a man by the name of Rood, who has been in the town a week or two getting subscribers for the Eclectic Magazine, being made the object of suspicion on the part of some that his designs were not entirely proper, was taken before Justice Lobban for examination. Witnesses testified as to his conduct since he has been here, and papers found on his person were examined, all of which in the opinion of the justice created a ground of suspicion sufficient to warrant him in committing the party to jail. In order that he may have a speedy examination into the charge of complicity in insurrectionary schemes for which he is confined, a special court has been called for Saturday next.

Persons coming into our midst from the Northern States should be very cautious how they act and how they talk, as their conduct is liable to be watched with suspicion. Even innocent parties are liable to be unjustly suspected, but they can only blame their Northern brethren for any annoyance they may be subjected to.—*Charlottesville Jeffersonian.*

The person mentioned above spent some time last summer in this State, soliciting subscriptions to the "Eclectic Magazine" and obtained, we believe, quite a number. We heard no complaint of his behavior at that time. It would be well enough to watch all, for honest men will take no offence at it.

N. C. State Stocks were quoted in New York on the 23rd, at 98½.

#### MARRIED.

Mr. James M. Sutton and Miss Francis N. daughter of C. A. Boon, Sheriff of Guilford, November 28.

Mr. Stanford L. Nichols and Miss Emily C. Pratt, both Deaf Mutes, educated at the N. C. Institution, for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, in Forsyth Co., November 17th.

Mr. Walter H. McRae, of Wilmington, and Miss Georgiana Gary, daughter of the late Robert Gary of Halifax Co., November 12th.

Mr. R. S. McLeone, of Mississippi, and Miss Mary Ann Gibson, of Salem, N. C., November 16.

Mr. Silas M. Stone, of Granville Co., and Miss Mary Ann Green of Franklin Co., Nov. 16.

Rev. E. A. Wilson and Miss Mary A. Taylor in Greene Co., October 16.

Mr. James S. Bostick of Richmond Co., and Miss Sallie E. Walker of Randolph Co., November 16.

Mr. B. N. Smith of Guilford Co., and Miss Julia E. M. Britt of Alamance Co., Nov. 9.

Mr. Gilbert Dickson of Cleveland Co., and Mrs. Charity Moore, widow of the late Alfred S. Moore, of New Hanover, November 24.

**GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,** Greensboro, N. C.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Francis, Professor of Drawing.

Miss Lettie Carter, Assistant in Literary Department.

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#### 6th ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

##### CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE

##### Cosmopolitan Art Association.

From all sections of the country subscribers to this popular Art Institution, (now in its sixth year,) are being received in a ratio unparalleled with that of any previous year.

Any person can become a member by subscribing \$3, which will entitle him to

1st.—The beautiful Steel Engraving, "Shakespeare and his Friends."

2d.—A Copy of the elegantly Illustrated Art Journal, one year.

3d.—A Free Season Admission to the Galleries, 548 Broadway, New York.

In addition to which, several hundred valuable Works of Art are given to subscribers as Premiums, comprising choice Paintings, Sculptures, Outlines, &c., by the first American and Foreign Artists.

The SUPERB ENGRAVING, which every subscriber will receive immediately on receipt of subscription, entitled

"Shakespeare and his Friends,"

is of a character to give unqualified pleasure and satisfaction. No work of equal value was ever before placed within reach of the people at such a price. The Engraving is of very large size, being printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 38 inches, making a most superb ornament suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor, or office.

It can be sent to any part of the country, by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage *pre paid*.

Think of it! Such a work, delivered free of charge, and the Art Journal, one year for three dollars!

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received until the Evening of Tuesday the 31st of January, 1860, at which time the books will close and the Premiums be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted to a single subscription. Those remitting \$15 are entitled to six memberships.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Provinces, must be \$3.50 instead of \$3, in order to defray extra postages, &c.

Persons wishing to form clubs will apply for a circular of terms, &c.

The beautifully Illustrated Art Journal, giving full particulars, will be sent on receipt of 18 cents, in stamps or coin.

Address

C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.

548 and 548 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Subscriptions also received at the Times Office, by COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Hon. Secretaries

For Greensboro, and vicinity.

47-ct.

**DESIRABLE RESIDE CE FOR**

SALE.—I offer for sale the residence of the late Dr. Henry Terry, situated immediately on the road leading from Greensboro to Salem and about four miles east of Kernersville in Guilford county North Carolina. The improvements consist of a good TWO STORY DWELLING with all necessary out houses and a well of excellent water. Attached to the residence is 150 acres of good land about half of which is in original growth. The place is an excellent location for a physician.

Persons wishing to examine the premises, will please call on Mr. Isaac White who will take pleasure in showing it.

All communications addressed to me at Danville Va., will be promptly attended to.

PLEASANT WADDILL.

Adm'r, with the will annexed of Dr. Henry Terry, dec'd.

Nov. 21st. [47-4wp.] Terry, dec'd.

**THE DAILY BULLETIN**

AND CATAWBA JOURNAL.

Published by H. L. ALEXANDER & CO.,

Charlotte, N. C. These Papers (embracing the Tri-Weekly Bulletin) established in the town of Charlotte, N. C. afford unusual advantages to Advertisers both at home and abroad, as they command a circulating medium of Over Three Thousand Copies Per Week, which we have no doubt are read by at least Ten Thousand persons each week, a large proportion of whom are Planters and their families.

As a means of Advertising we are confident that great advantages can be obtained through this establishment, hence we embrace this opportunity to inform our friends and the Mercantile communities on the Seaboard, (Charlotte and Wilmington,) that our facilities for circulating their business Notices throughout Western North Carolina and the adjoining Districts in South Carolina are extensive and complete.

Our terms are liberal and a large deduction will be made on the bills of Contract Advertisers.

47-

**CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.**

DR. H. JAMES, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it, the recipe containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

Address O. P. BROWN & CO., 32 and 34 John Street, New-York. (47-2mp.)

**THE OLD NORTH STATE, FOR**

ever. Look here, friends and Fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

**New, Large and Magnificent Map** And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Rail-roads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the cheapest and best Maps ever published.

PEARCE & BEST,

Hillsboro, N. C. 1859.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above.

## COMMERCIAL.

**GREENSBORO MARKET, Nov. 29**

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cole & Amis.  
Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Butter 25; Butter 20@; Coffee 12@15; Candles, Tallies 20; Corn 0@1.00; Meal 0@1.00; Potatoes 10; Eggs 10; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00; Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5; Hides, white 5; Lard 12@15; Molasses 33@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@80; white 75@80; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2@; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12; loaf 15; crushed 15; clarified 15; Tallo 12@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

**NORFOLK MARKET, November, 26**

Reviewed weekly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

**FLOUR,** receipts from North Carolina are eight—from other sources they are good sales are made for Cash at \$5.50@6.75.

**CORN,** Receipts for the past week have been good, reaching 60,000 bush, all of which has been sold, at 77@79 cents.

**PEAS,** are in good supply, with large sales of B Eye, at \$1.15@1.20.

**DRIED APPLES,** are in fair supply and good demand—\$1.40.

**PEACHES,** bright pealed sell readily, at 3.00@3.75.

**Professional Cards.**

**GEO. W. COTHRAN,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,

at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.

105-16.

**CALEB G. DUNN,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR

at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.

1-ly.

**J. W. EVANS'**

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE

and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,

Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

**GEORGE T. WHITE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

**JACOB T. BROWN,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care.

11-ly.

**JOHN W. PAYNE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

**JAMES S. PATTERSON,**

PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street,

opposite city hall, New York.

Country orders carefully attended to.

Feb. 1859. 6-ly.

**NEW FIRM.**

PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to

**T. J. Patrick,**

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGISTS.

Greensboro, N. C. [1-ly]

**COLE & AMIS.**

1859. FALL TRADE. 1859.

We take this opportunity of announcing to the citizens of Greensboro, and to the public generally, that we are now in receipt of one of the largest stock of goods that we have ever offered in this place. In our stock may be found a full assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's dress goods, and every style of goods adapted to the season. In all of which we challenge competition both in price and quality.

Greensboro, Nov. 1st, 1859.



## THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Two war steamers and four gun boats had left England for China.

The Bank of France had lost nearly 10,000,000 francs, in cash, during the month.

An official decree appoints Gen. O'Donnell Commander-in-chief of the Spanish expedition to Morocco, and a Madrid dispatch of the 7th says that he would positively leave there that evening, and that offensive operations would commence immediately.

It is stated that on the 4th, a Moorish gun-boat was captured by a Spanish steamer at the mouth of the river Tetuan after a sharp engagement.

There was an expectation that both Spain and Portugal would admit corn duty free.

The *Diritto* of Turin announces that the greater part of the Piedmontese loan had been subscribed for by the first banking-houses in Turin, Genoa, Parma, Modena, Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna.—The trading community of Milan had subscribed for 26,000,000 francs.

The Paris journals are prohibited from speaking of the French losses by cholera on the frontier of Morocco.

Private accounts state that when the order was given to the second Zouaves to advance, they had lost three hundred men by cholera, and a considerable number were in a helpless state.

The usual military parade in honor of the birthday of the Prince of Wales took place in Windsor Home Park, in presence of Her Majesty and the royal family.—Her Majesty's dinner party in the evening was larger than usual, but, excepting Her Majesty's foreign visitors, the guests appear for the most part to belong to the royal household. The Prince of Wales will return to-day to Oxford, to resume his studies, but he will again visit Windsor on the birthday of the Princess of Russia. Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell were present at the cabinet council yesterday, but were unable to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet.

The British steamer Spithead has captured a slaver with 500 slaves on board.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a circular issued by Count Walewski to the French diplomatic agents, explaining the advantages of the Zurich treaty, stating that France will not have to advance the amount of debt due by Piedmont to Austria, but will co-operate with Piedmont in making the stipulated payments.

France has demanded from Sardinia sixty million francs for war expenses.—The circular further states that the government has received assurances that the Pope is only waiting for an opportune moment to make public certain reforms by which the government of the clergy will be replaced by a government generally composed of the laity, including an Assembly elected by the people.

The Paris *Patrie* is assured that the King of Sardinia, in reply to Napoleon, expressed confidence in the sympathies of the Emperor in favor of the Italian cause. He declares that he will leave to the decision of the Congress about to assemble all matters relating to the recognition of Italy.

The French Gen. DeMartimprey has required the Moorish tribes whom he has subjugated, to pay a tribute of five million francs. The cholera continues to prevail amongst the Spanish troops collected at Algeiras, and in the space of nine days there were 66 cases, of which 19 proved fatal. According to the most recent statistics Spain can now fit out a fleet of 366 vessels, but altogether they do not carry above 1,100 guns; of these vessels, 275 may add little or nothing to the real strength of the fleet of the remaining 85; 44 are sailing vessels, and only 41 steamers. The maritime population is registered as in France, and it is said that the first summons from the minister of marine, 60,000 sailors might be collected within a few days in the ports of Spain.

The Times publishes a letter from Lord Ellenborough to Lord Brougham in furtherance of the success of the Garibaldi fund. The noble Lord expresses a hope, that stimulated by the insults to Italy, which are conveyed in the demand France is about to make in the Congress, the Italians will rise to vindicate their right to choose their own government.—As to Garibaldi, Lord Ellenborough advises the people of Italy to follow where he leads.

It is stated in the English journals that the treaty between China and the United States will not come into operation until matters are settled with England and France.

The nine hours' movement in London is ended. The building trades having carefully considered their positions, have determined to withdraw from the strike.

The London Times has an article showing the prevalent feeling in France on the question of a war with England. Its chief authority for the opinion stated is a respectable French review published in London.

It is stated that in France the prospect of a war with England is incessantly discussed in high places of power, in public offices, in the army, the navy, among the working classes and men of business. The army is reported as unanimous for war, in the navy the desire for it amounts to frenzy, and the Church is

as eager as either the army or navy. Its conclusion is that in a war with England the French empire has the power of satisfying the army and navy, gratifying the clergy, winning over the Legislature, and securing the suffrages of the united people.

The *Constitutionnel* of the 10th inst., in a second article on the Congress, signed by the Principal, Victor M. Graniyillot, states that the late Prince Metternich himself was convinced that the conditions agreed on at the Congress of 1815 could not be lasting, and exhorts the Italians to be practical and not to endeavor to advance too rapidly and render the unit of Italy a weak counterpart of the unity of France. It further states that if they are determined to carry out the union, the reforms granted will enable them to do so if they advance with prudence.

The Columbus (Ga.) Sun mentions the arrest, in that city, of William Scott, a member of a firm of New York merchants. An open expression of sympathy for Old Brown, and the possession of Beecher's incendiary sermons were the cause of the arrest. He received "notice to quit," and took his departure by the first train.

## AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF



WM. KNABE & CO'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR THE sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosch, Satter, Viennet, and the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McFtee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, they have never failed to secure the highest premiums, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately.

GEO. H. KELLEY, Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

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## HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enroll their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice Gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and in cases of extreme poverty to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent Free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors, EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.

June 11-ly.

## GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.

June 20, 1859.

## DR. BAAKEE



## TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dropsy, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes. Also a large assortment of EAR TRUMPETS, of all sizes and every description known in the world. Also, a large assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL HANDS, with Wrist, Arm and Elbow attachments—also, of FEET, with Ankle, Leg and Knee joint attachments—natural as Nature itself. These articles can be sent by express to any part of the world.

All letters directed to Dr. BAAKEE must contain Ten Cents to pay postage and incidental expenses. All Chronic Diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Office, 704 Broadway, a few doors above Fourth street, NEW YORK CITY.

## AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

For the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption, is universally known as the best remedy ever yet discovered for every variety of Pulmonary disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. By its timely use many, nay almost any attacks of disease upon the Lungs or throat are arrested, and thus are saved many thousands every year from a premature grave. No family should be without it, and those who do neglect to provide this dangerous class of diseases will have cause to deplore it when it is too late.

Proofs of the surprising efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral need not be given to the American people—they have living proofs in every neighborhood. But those who wish to read the statements of those whose whole health has been restored and whose lives have been saved by its use, will find them in my American Almanac which the agent below named has to furnish gratis for every one.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass., and sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro, N. C.

46-3w.

## WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, OR ANY SKIN DISEASE.

When it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING AND STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

## WE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE

in announcing to our old friends and customers that we are receiving a very large and well selected STOCK of

## Fall and Winter Clothing

comprising the latest and most elegant styles of Coats, Pants and Vests. Also, a fine stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Knives, Pistols, Walking canes; a good stock of Watches; in fact, everything usually found in a large Clothing Emporium.

We cheerfully present our goods for inspection, with the most perfect confidence in our extensive preparations to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. We hold a steady competition, not only in the assortment, but in the Great Bargains and inducements we can offer to our customers. Our stock for the approaching Winter is large, and cannot be surpassed; and having been bought of the largest houses North for cash, we can positively sell at lower per cent. than any other establishment in the same trade.

Thanking our friends, customers, and the public in general, for past favors, we hope for a continuance of the same, assuring them that they shall receive the best bargains to be had in this country.

S. ARCHER & CO. Greensboro, Sept., 1859.

## BROGANS! BROGANS!!

Best Double Sole Brogans \$1.50  
Good " " " 1.25  
Good single " " 1.00

Per sale at October, 11. BOONE'S.

10,000 Negroes

10,000 Negroes

10,000 Negroes

Saved Yearly.

Saved Yearly.

Saved Yearly.

Planters Take Notice,

Planters Take Notice,

Planters Take Notice,

Jacob's Cordial

Jacob's Cordial

Jacob's Cordial

Is The Only Sure

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Is The Only Sure

And Positive Remedy

And Positive Remedy

And Positive Remedy

Before The People

Before The People

Before The People

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

And Flux.

And Flux.

And Flux.

It Never Fails.

It Never Fails.

It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS &amp; CO., Proprietors,

363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER &amp; GORRELL.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY.

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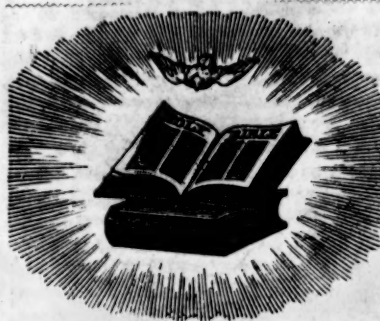
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## Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.  
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Children, if you so remember your Creator as to give him your heart, and seek to obey his will, you will grow up cheerful and happy. You will be more and more thankful to God for his mercies, and will be patient in the crosses of life. You will always have some enjoyment, because you will learn from experience that "godliness with contentment is great gain." It is important, therefore, that you should set the Lord always before you, and constantly pray God for his gracious presence.

## SONS OF EMINENT MEN.

Sons of eminent men seldom amount to much, as they are generally content to inflate their souls with their father's greatness, which is very easily done. They are satellites, which glow with a borrowed or reflected light, and when the source becomes extinct, and the light fades quite away, they are left in utter darkness. A transferred fame is not a substance, but a shadow. Distinction must be wrought out: it never comes at a beck. True greatness never goes upon crutches: it is as independent as the nature of man will admit. Being well born, gives great facilities for education and distinction, but it can never take their place: they must be sedulously and wisely used, or poor advantages, well husbanded, will surpass them. Wealthy young men generally rely on means rather than on study.

## "IF I HAD MINDED MY MOTHER."

I went, a few weeks since, into a jail, to see a young man who had once been a Sabbath-school scholar.

The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without, all was beautiful. The green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing birds, were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these: no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it! only twenty years old, and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him, and talked with him for a while. "O," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk. Then I got angry, and, before I knew what I was about, I killed him! O, if I had minded what my Sabbath-school teacher said—if I had minded my mother—I should never have come to this! I should never have been here!"

It would have made your heart sore as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child, like you: now he is a poor, condemned, wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and, as he grew older, he went with bad boys, who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him, he said:

"Will you not pray for me?" and he added: "O! tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers and keep away from bad companions."

## THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them:

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come back every day at this hour, till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, and wrangled and fought for the bread, each wishing to get the

largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him.

Francesca alone stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day, the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf there fell out of it quite a number of bright silver pieces.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread through a mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

Better a poor, but peaceable life,  
Than wealth and fortune bought with strife.

## THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

Once, in a time of famine, an unknown beggar woman, poorly but cleanly clad, went through a certain village, asking alms.

From some houses she was sent away with rough words; at others she received a very small gift: only one poor gardener, as she was very cold, invited her into his warm room; and his wife, who had just baked cakes, gave her a nice large piece.

The next day, all the people at whose door the beggar woman had called, were invited to supper in the Queen's palace. When they came into the dining-room, they beheld a small table laden with the richest food, and also a large table, with many plates on which there was, here and there a piece of mouldy bread, a few artichokes, or a handful of bran; but, for the most part, the plates were entirely empty.

The Queen said: "I was myself that beggar woman in disguise, wishing in this time of distress, to prove the charity of my people. These two poor gardeners took me in, and entertained me as best they could: hence they will now eat with me, and I will fix a pension for life on them. The rest of you will eat the same fare with which you entertained me. With this, remember that in the future world you will also one day be served as you serve others."

## RICHES OF THE BIBLE.

"Book of Books" is the Bible. It is a Book of Laws, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors. It is a book of Life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a complete code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequalled narrative. It is a Book of Biography. It is a Book of Voyages. It is a Book of Travels. It is the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written; it is the best will ever executed, the best testament ever signed; it is the young man's best companion; it is the school-boy's best instructor; it is the learned man's masterpiece; it is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory it promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all is the author. He is without partiality and without hypocrisy; "with whom there is no variableness neither shadow of turning."

Whenever you see a young man particularly jolly, you may be sure he is particularly poor. Poverty to youth is equal to a pint of brandy, as an exhilarant. The man who, in his youth, is poor, is rich; he has everything to work for, and nothing to lose. Inquiries are making, whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell? A saucerer question cannot be put. Beware of evil company, at all times

## USEFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical, and which, if collected together, cut, and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the man of the pen, the farmer, the housekeeper, and the householder.

## Curing Meat by the New Plan.

The Tallahassee *Floridian and Journal* says: At our suggestion the following letter from Dr. G. T. Maxwell of this city, addressed to the editors of the *Southern Cultivator*, has been handed to us for publication. The letter is in response to a request preferred by that periodical for an explanation of the process by which meat can be cured by injecting brine through the carotid artery. The season is now rapidly approaching when this new and important mode of seasoning meat may be tested and rendered of incalculable value, particularly in Florida. Southern Georgia, &c., where, heretofore, no little difficulty has at times been experienced in this branch of domestic economy. We hope that some of our planters will give the mode a thorough trial, and furnish the country the result of their experiments.

Dr. Maxwell's letter is as follows:

TALLAHASSEE, November 8, 1850.  
Editors of the *Southern Cultivator*,  
*Augusta Georgia*:—Sirs: A late number of your journal containing a letter of mine to the editors of the *Floridian and Journal*, of this city, on the "new method" of curing meat, first practiced in this country by my friend, the late Lewis LeConte, of Liberty county, Georgia, in which you add the request that I would describe the process plainly and intelligibly, has been shown me by a friend. I attempt compliance the more cheerfully, as I shall at the same time be answering similar requests from individuals from different parts of the country, and regret that professional engagements have prevented my doing so before.

This is an invention or discovery of incalculable value to our Southern farmers, especially. I have so regarded it for years, and nothing but an incorrigible aversion to the use of the pen—which, I trust, will satisfactorily explain any want of perspicuity in this effort—has kept me from making it known to them through the public prints long ago.

The mixture used for salting, is a saturated solution of common salt, or rather Key West or Turk's Island salt, which is better, being made by solar evaporation. Cold water will dissolve as much salt as warm, and, as the injection ought to be made cold, had better be used. When the water has dissolved so much salt that it will float an egg, I think the brine is strong enough.

The best instrument for the purpose is one that will throw a continuous, uninterrupted stream. Mr. LeConte used the patent pump syringe, with elastic tube. The artery in a hog is too small to admit the extremities (usually of ivory or bone,) bought with the syringe. He therefore made and used a leaden one for the purpose.

The hog is killed by a blow on the head and bled by cutting down to the carotid artery and opening it. In this latter operation, the bleeding, lies the greatest difficulty of the whole process. The carotid arteries, for there are two, (I am writing for those who are presumed not to be familiar with anatomy,) lie on each side of the windpipe, and may be distinctly felt pulsating, in the human subject, by holding the head up and pressing with the fingers. An opening made in one of these vessels will let all the blood run out that is necessary. A fat hog has a very thick and comparatively short neck, and the arteries lie deeply imbedded and difficult of access. The trouble of getting at the artery to bleed and throw in the fluid, will be found considerable. The incision to reach the artery should be made as near the head as possible. I would advise that inexperienced persons experiment first with a sheep or beef.—The arteries in these lie nearer the surface, and their necks are comparatively longer.

When the hog is bled, scalded, and the hair taken off, the brine may be injected through the artery. The blood vessels can be so distended with the fluid as to bloat and swell the whole animal, but I think when the circuit has been completed that is sufficient. This can easily be determined by observing the jugular vein, which lies alongside, and in the same sheath with the artery. When the fluid flows back through the vein, the animal may be considered thoroughly salted, and may, as soon as convenient, be cut up and smoked. More experience than I have, is required to regulate some points in the process, as, for example, how salt the brine may be made to cure the meat, and yet not be too salt to be palatable, and the proper proportion of saltpetre, or such article as may be used to give the desirable red color.

I am, with respect,  
Very truly yours,  
G. TROUP MAXWELL.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

## Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is truth, wood, judgment is timber: there are the greatest flame, the other yields the durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

PROBLEM, for Marcus.—A traveller being asked how he had spent his summer months 3 000 000 of miles nearer the Sun than I ever did before. Where had he been and where was his native land?  
HARRIET ELIZABETH.

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour and to see the natives.—One of them, one drizzly day, bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze coat, and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.

"Pat," said our friend.  
"Yes, your honor," he replied  
"If the devil was to come just now, which one of us would he take?"  
"Surely he'd take me, yer honor."  
"But why, Pat?"  
"Cause he'd be sure of yer honor at any time."

Mr. Foote had said that he would write a little book in which Mr. Benton should figure very largely. Mr. B. heard of this, and replied, in his characteristic way, to the informant.  
"Tell Foote that I will write a very large book in which he shall not figure at all."

The "Thirty Years" will show how faithfully this promise was kept.

We always admire the answer of the man, who when asked how old he was, answered, "Just forty years, but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

A pedestrian in Ireland met a man, and asked him why the miles were so plaugy long. Pat replied: "You see, now the roads are not good, so the contractors make up for it by good measure."

A SENSIBLE MAN.—What the world calls avarice, is oftentimes no more than compulsory economy, and even a wilful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

A gentleman thought he'd like some thing painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged an Irishman for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. Gentlemen enters:  
"Nice color, H., but where are the Israelites?"

"Oh, they're passed over!"

Sully, the painter, was a man distinguished for refinement of manners, as well as his success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant's."

"Oh, oh! Mr. Sully! how can you be so rude?"

"Rude, ladies! what do you mean? I say she's got a mouth like an elephant's, because it's full of ivory."

"You look like death on a pale horse," said Jim to a toper who was growing pale and enaciated. "Don't know anything about that," replied the toper, "but I'm death on pale brandy."

Modesty in women is the charm of charms—it is like the mantle of green to nature, without which she is a desert, or a morass. It is modesty which supplies the very nerves and soul to beauty. "A fair woman without virtue," saith the Bible, "is like palled wine." It is woman's point of honor, which she can never allow to be insulted with impunity. Her honor, like the snow, is melted with the slightest touch. It is like rosewater in a beautiful glass: break but the glass, and haw doth the fragrant essence embrace the dust, and lose forever its charming sweetness!

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

"I tell you what," said a vender of groceries to a customer, who thought his charges rather steep, "eggs are eggs, now-a-days."

"I am glad of it," said the customer, "for the last I bought of you were half chickens."

A boy was asked one day what made him so dirty, and his reply was, "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust, and I reckon its just working out."

A Philadelphia paper says of a drunken negro who fell down a cellar-way, "His life was preserved by his striking head first."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

Milk that has stood for some time, should be permitted to sit down.

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August 1st, 1850. 134—tf.

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